The BYSTANDER

Spinet

The SUPER CIGARETTE

Finest Golden Virginia, Ovals, Cork-Tipped

20 for 1/6

Also 50's & 100's.

The Pipe Tobacco de Luxe

Spinet The SUPER Mixture

2/2 per 2oz. In enamelled pocket tins.

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE

Special Cuvée

By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V

HORROCKSES' FAST COLOURS

LOOK for the Leopard Mark when buying shirts.

This tab guarantees the quality and colour fastness of

HORROCKSES' FAST COLOUR SHIRTINGS

41

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

Stomach Troubles in Infancy

are quickly relieved by DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

It prevents the food of infants from turning sour during digestion and is at all times a safe and effective aperient.

The universal remedy for ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, SOUR ERUCTATIONS, BILIOUS AFFECTIONS.

Solid or powdered Magnesia should on no account be given to infants or taken by adults, as it is liable to form hard, insoluble lumps in the bowels, endangering or even destroying life.

No such risk arises from the use of Dinneford's Magnesia, recommended by doctors for over 100 years.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle and label.

Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

SPEND THIS SUMMER AT LE TOUQUET, PARIS-PLAGE (P de C) FRANCE.

ATLANTIC HOTEL

THE LEADING HOTEL ON THE SEA FRONT.

100 Rooms. 50 Baths. Best Cuisine. Excellent Sea Bathing.

Golf Course reached in 5 minutes by new direct road. Frequent car service also to Tennis Grounds and Casino.

Apply for tariff and particulars to— ROBERT BENOIST, *Manager.*

BOURNVILLE COCOA

MADE UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS

See the name **"CADBURY"** on every piece of Chocolate

PRICE ONE SHILLING; By Inland Post, 1s. 1½d. OFFICES—LONDON: Tallis St., E.C.4. PARIS: 35 Rue Lafayette. ROTTERDAM: West Zeedijk, 48E.

VEET

VEET CREAM is as easy to use as a face cream. You apply it just as it comes from the tube. Simply squeeze a little on the hair, wait a few minutes, rinse it off and the hair is gone as if by magic. Leaves the skin soft, smooth and white. Does not stimulate hair growth and has no offensive odour. Far better than irritating depilatories and scraping razor blades. Whereas razors and ordinary depilatories simply remove *above* the skin surface, Veet melts the hair away *beneath* it. Satisfactory results guaranteed in every case or money refunded.

Veet is sold by all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores for 3/6. Also sent postage free in plain wrapper for 4/-. Trial size 6d. in stamps.

Address:
Dae Health Laboratories (Dept. 24W),
68, Bolsover Street, London, W.1.

3/6
Everywhere

A Perfumed Velvety Cream that REMOVES HAIR like magic.

A Charming Holiday.

DUNDEE.

THE GATEWAY TO THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

Make this year's holiday a memorable one—sail from London to Dundee in one of our fast steamships—where every care is exercised for comfort and cuisine. The voyage is a delightful experience, and a programme can be arranged and carried through at one inclusive moderate charge.

DO THESE TOURS APPEAL?

CARNOUSTIE (12 day Tour), First Class Cabin and Rail, and residence at Bruce's Hotel, **£10 10s.**

PITLOCHRY (12 day Tour), First Class Cabin and Rail (August and September), **£13 10s.** Includes residence at Hydro Hotel.

CRIEFF (12 day Tour), First Class Cabin and Rail, **£13 10s.**, and residence at Drummond Arms Hotel.

ST. ANDREWS (12 day Tour), First Class Cabin and Rail (August and September), **£14 5s.**, inclusive of residence at Grand Hotel.

SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS, including Braemar, etc., 5 days—all found—**£8 8s.**; 12 days, **£18 15s.** (August—September, and residence at Fife Arms Hotel.)

D.P.&L.

KIRRIEMUIR (12 day Tour). The famous Thrums of Sir J. M. Barrie—First Class Cabin and Rail, **£10 10s.**, and residence at Airlie Arms Hotel.

Passengers conveyed by steam tender between Westminster Pier and Dundee Wharf, Limehouse, in connection with all sailings.

Write for Booklet "B" with complete list of various attractive Tours.

DUNDEE, PERTH & LONDON SHIPPING CO., LTD.,
26, EAST DOCK STREET, DUNDEE.
LONDON OFFICE: 61, MARK LANE, E.C.3.
Or from all accredited Tourist Agents.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

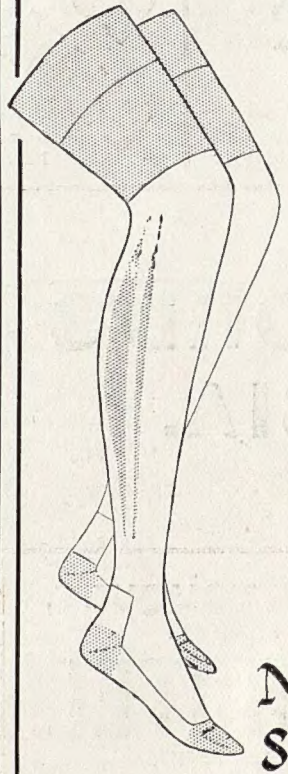
NEW KNITTED
SUITS
FOR
EARLY AUTUMN

Knitted Suit *(as sketch) made from superfine wool and artificial silk mixture yarn, the skirt and border of coat is knitted in an entirely new design. Attractive range of Autumn colours.*

PRICE
7½ Gns.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

MARSHALLGRADE HOSIERY



These Stockings are equal in value to other Holeproof Stockings usually sold at 7/11 per pair, and their proved satisfaction needs no guarantee.

Our now famous **MAXIM HOLEPROOF SILK STOCKINGS**, lisle feet and tops, in Black and all the latest colours. Price **5/11**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
OXFORD STREET & VERE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Sent on approval.

Write to Almagam Mills, Harpenden, for a copy of "The Motorists' Handbook" (Edition T). It will be sent to you free.

Almost 1/3rd the cost—and better than a New Tyre

WE GUARANTEE THE NEW ALMAGAM TREAD

we fit to your old covers—either Grooved or Swastika pattern—for 3,000 miles, but the unsolicited testimonials we receive show that a tyre, after it has been retreaded by us and all defects removed from the casing, is better than a new tyre.

TESTIMONIALS

Walsall, 17/5/23.
"The reason I am writing to you is because I have had such splendid service from a similar tyre which you retreaded for me 18 months ago. This tyre has since done 6000 miles, and seems still good for another 2000. It is fitted to the front wheel and before fitting I could not get a tyre to stand for more than 2000 miles. It would seem as if a retread is better than a new cover.
Yours truly,——."

Broadstairs, Kent. 2/12/1922.
"I have had tyres both for this motor cycle and for the car retreaded by you for some years, and am quite pleased with them all; in fact, I think your retreads wear longer than the original tyres do.
Yours truly,——."

Totnes, 28/12/1922.
"The last cover you retreaded for us has given really good service, and has seen three new covers scrapped.
Yours truly,——"

Woking, 10/6/22.
I am sending two covers for your inspection for retreading. The cover you retreaded for me last Autumn is still good after 3000, which is considerably more mileage than the cover did when new.
Yours truly,——"

Northumberland, 1/11/22.
"May I add that the satisfaction derived from your retreads has surpassed the most sanguine anticipation, they actually last longer than a new tyre.
Yours truly,——"

Ayrshire, 4/5/22.
"I am posting to-day an auto-wheel tyre which I would like you to retread. I had one done by you before and it lasted very well—indeed, longer than the original tread.
Yours truly,——"

Devon, 24/6/22.
"I may say I have had 3 of your ALMAGAM RETREADS in use, recently, but through the Wessex Garage, the 3rd just returned. The other 2 (30/3) on the front wheels of my Ford have now gone about 5-6000 and the pattern is just wearing down. I am always so satisfied with your work that I prefer your retreads to new covers. I intend to try your own covers next time I require one, but I find retreading puts off the evil day almost indefinitely.
Yours truly,——"

Bucks, 14/8/22.
"We may say that our customer is highly pleased with the retread to——M.C. cover. It has already done more mileage than the original tread, which wore down to the fabric. Thanking you and hoping to do further business.
Yours truly,——"

The retreading of a tyre is much more an art than the making of a new tyre, and most firms who make a new tyre have no idea how to retread one, because it is not a question only of putting a piece of rubber over the top of an old tread, as a good many of them think, and do. The cord part of a tyre has to be overhauled and made good, and this is the secret of our success.

We have been in this business 20 years, starting with a small shop 50ft. x 30ft. and now our Works cover over two acres. This business could not have been built up if ALMAGAM RETREADING HAD NOT PAID OUR CUSTOMERS, and we say emphatically that we are the only people who can make an old tyre as good as new.

Gold Medal Won on Almagam Retreads

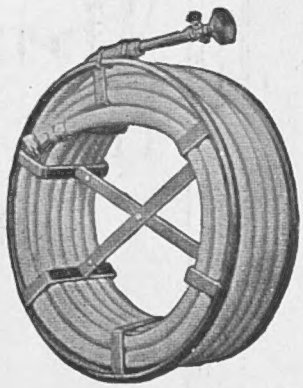
London–Edinburgh Trial

Croydon, Surrey, May 25, 1923.
"Pleased to inform you the three Almagam Retreaded Covers fitted to my Harley-Davidson Combination stood the gruelling test in the London-Edinburgh trial, won Gold, no trouble whatever.
"Yours truly,——."

A.R.M. HOSE

Our Hose Department is as large and as capable of turning out at least as much hose as any factory in the country. We make hose for every purpose.

Winchester, 23/5/22.
"Mrs.——will be obliged if the AlmagamRubber Co. will send her the prices of garden hose. She had one from the Company some years ago which was very satisfactory.
Yours truly,
——."



London, E.C.3. 6/6/22.
"I had this hose some 7 or 8 years ago and it is certainly the finest and best wearing that I have ever had, and I must compliment you on such a splendid production.
Yours truly,
——."

RUBMETAL HOSE for conveying oil, petrol, petroleum, acids, alkalies, etc.
HIGH PRESSURE STEAM HOSE
BREWERS' HOSE, specially sweetened for conveying beer, spirits and hot liquors.
GARDEN AND GARAGE HOSE

OUR RADIATOR HOSE is well-known throughout the Motor Trade. We supply this to manufacturers of motor cars, cut exactly to the length that they use in connecting up their Radiators. This saves them waste and trouble of cutting from long lengths. We supply several of the largest motor car manufacturers in this country with these connections.

Send Tyres for Retreading to

ALMAGAM MILLS, HARPENDEN

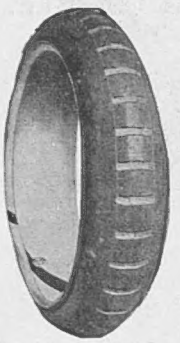
and put your burst or punctured tubes inside the tyre—we can repair them for you.

HOW IT IS DONE

No. 1.
As the tyre arrives at our Works, after examination it is stripped of its old tread and all old rubber is buffed off, leaving the casing clean inside and outside.

No. 2.
The worn and weak places having been found the casing is then sent to the solutioning department, where it receives many coats of rubber solution.

No. 3.
The casing has now been rebuilt and strengthened and is in a fit condition to be vulcanised. The tread is made of the same material and fitted in the same way as a new tyre.



No. 4.
The result of the Almagam Process. The tyre with either a pattern, grooved or steel-studded tread is now ready to cover thousands more miles.

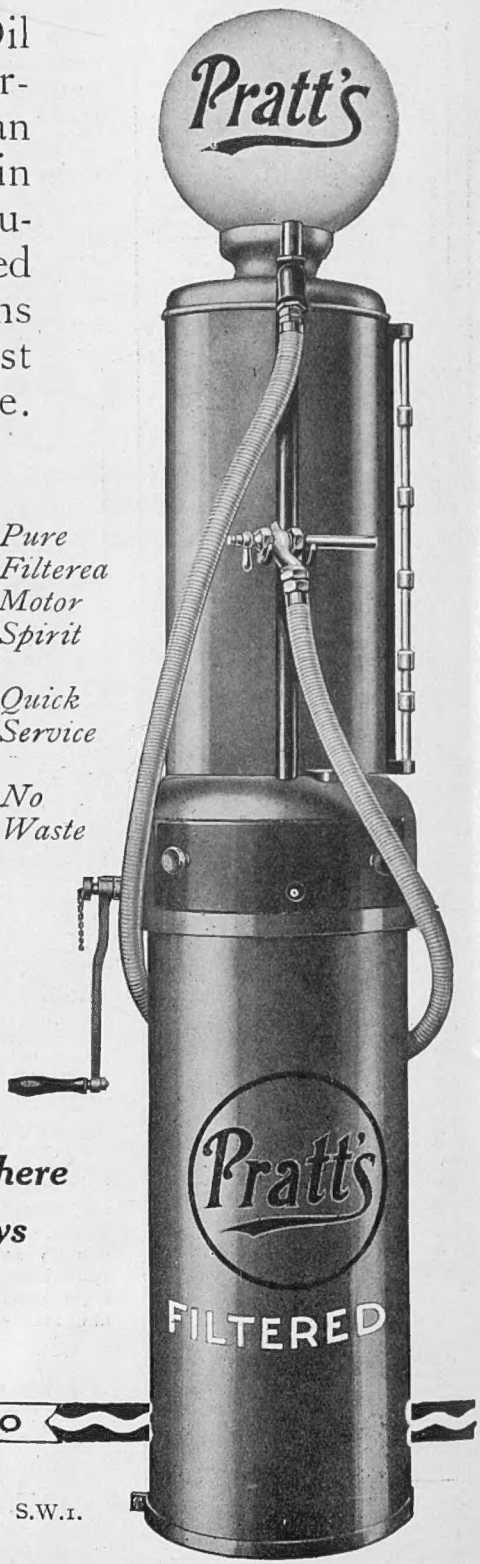
ASSOCIATED RUBBER MANUFACTURERS, LIMITED.

Depots: 172, Great Portland Street, LONDON, W.1. 100, Victoria Street, BRISTOL. 38, Grey Street, NEWCASTLE.

Motorists

Fill up where you see *this Sign* or the *Golden Pump*

With the finest Crude Oil in the world, the most perfect refineries Science can devise, and the utmost care in filtering and cleanly distribution, it is only to be expected that Pratt's easily maintains its reputation as the best Motor Spirit procurable.



Pure Filterea Motor Spirit

Quick Service

No Waste

Uniform everywhere
Reliable always

ANGLOCO

ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL CO., LTD., 36, QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, LONDON, S.W.1.

ATTRACTIVE SILK GEORGETTE **JUMPERS** *FOR HOLIDAY WEAR*

This smart embroidered Jumper is made from rich quality silk georgette by our own workers. It is cut on becoming lines, and is a most attractive garment for Holiday wear.

SMART JUMPER (as sketch), in rich quality silk georgette, round neck trimmed in a new and effective design of Cornelly embroidery, and sleeves to match. In Black, Ivory, Cinnamon, Rust, Grey, and Sand. In sizes 42, 44 and 46.

PRICE

69/6

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody
(LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

By Appointment to H.M. The King and to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

WATERPROOF
WIND PROOF
SELF
VENTILATING
FIELD COATS

From **3½** Gns.

THE work-a-day "rough and tumble" waterproof slip-on of the Sportsman out in all weathers sums up the Aquascutum "Field" Coat, adapted from the impenetrable Aquascutum Trench Coat. For the more formal occasion (rain or shine) wear the pure new wool and weatherproof Aquascutum Coat, price from 6 gns. Aquascutum brochure on mention of "The Bystander."

Agents in Principal Towns.

Aquascutum Ltd. REGISTERED
EST. 1851.

126, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

ATTRACTIVE
LINGERIE

IN order to keep our workers fully employed during the month of August, we have arranged to make in our own workrooms, from materials of our well-known quality, a large number of Nightgowns etc., and to offer these for sale at exceptionally low prices.

DAINTY NIGHTGOWN (as sketch) in good quality crepe de Chine, copy of French model, square neck, trimmed fancy hemstitching, tie on hips, finished embroidered design. In Ivory, Pink, Lemon, Sky, Mauve.

PRICE

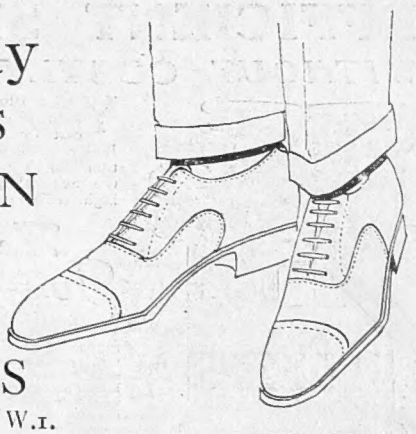
29/6

Chemise to match, **21/9**
Knickers to match, **21/9**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE LIMITED
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W

Sent on approval.

Holiday Shoes for MEN



Six widths to every size

BABERS
309 Oxford Street, W.1.

Babers Ltd., Jersey

Cerebos Salt

IN THE NEW
PATENT POURER PACKAGE

FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST ONLY

Sent on approval

Money refunded if unsuitable.

RÉNÉ

A delightfully attractive GOWN in good crêpe Marocain.

4½ GNS.

In the following shades: Almond-Green, Tan, Cinnamon, Brown, Saxe, Grey, Beige, Navy and Black.

FRANÇOIS ELDONNE,
100, NEW BOND ST., W.1.
Mayfair - - 1364.

ZEISS
Field Glasses
Reduced Prices of ZEISS Prism Binoculars
FROM £8-5 0

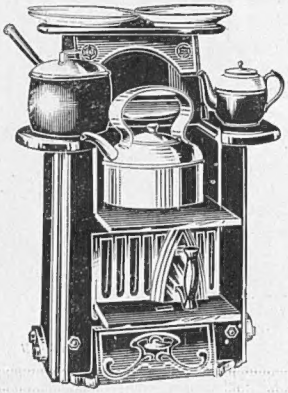
Lists Free.
"Of unrivalled excellence and precision."

The Latest Novelty
Zeiss 8x Vest Pocket Prism Glass 63/-

Send for our list of bargain Prism Binoculars.
7 Days' Free Trial. Prices from 35/-

WALLACE HEATON, LTD.
119, New Bond Street, London, W.1.
Telephone: Mayfair 4422 And at Sheffield

EFFICIENT SERVICE
WITHOUT COSTLY UPKEEP



YOU can have all the advantages usually found in expensive homes at a very small cost by fitting the "Domestikatum" Boiler. When installed the "Domestikatum" looks like an ordinary fire grate, but the back and sides form walls of a small but highly efficient boiler.

The Domestikatum Boiler

supplies plentiful hot water for baths, washing-up, etc., provision being made for doing all cooking except oven baking. The "Domestikatum" has hobs for warming plates and dishes, and also gives a cosy open fire when required. Its upkeep cost is infinitesimal. Attractive in appearance, and easy to manage. Write to-day for particulars and name of the nearest retailer.

JONES & ATTWOOD, Ltd.,
TITAN BOILER WORKS, STOURBRIDGE

The Shaver's best investment

is undoubtedly the Kropp, which day after day and year after year will give a clean, perfectly comfortable shave in the minimum time. Don't grouse about shaving. Get a Kropp and realise that it can be made quite easy and pleasurable.

BLACK HANDLE, 10/6. IVORY HANDLE, 18/-.
EVERY KROPP RAZOR IS PACKED IN A CASE.
From all Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, etc.
Send postcard for a copy of "Shaver's Kit" Booklet No. 52.
Wholesale only: OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.1

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW WRAP COATS FOR HOLIDAY WEAR

Made from fine quality novelty velour cloth with check design in artistic contrasting colours on reverse side. These Coats are perfectly cut on full ample lines, and are particularly suitable for Motor or Steamer wear.

***Plain Well-cut Coat** in fine quality reversible velour cloth with large wrap collar, deep cuffs and revers in contrasting colours and bound with leather to tone. In a good range of colours.*

PRICE

6½ Gns.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

SHADOW - PROOF WASHING SILK PETTICOATS FOR HOLIDAY WEAR

This practical and useful Princess Petticoat is made from reliable quality white washing silk. It is lined with a thin material to render it shadow - proof, therefore it is particularly suitable for wearing under light summer frocks.

PRINCESS PETTICOAT (as sketch) in reliable quality washing silk, slip-on shape without fastenings, waist defined by hemstitching, the bodice and hem finished to match. Lengths from shoulder 47 to 51 inches.

PRICE

25/9

In 52 inches, **27/9**

In outsizes, **29/6**

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody

(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

Wigmore Street.

(Cavendish Square) London W.

ATTRACTIVE OVER BLOUSE

IN order to keep our workers fully employed during the month of August, we have arranged to make in our own workrooms, from materials of our well-known quality, a large number of Blouses, suitable for Holiday wear, and to offer these for sale at exceptionally low prices.

ATTRACTIVE OVER BLOUSE (as sketch) made in heavy crepe de Chine, the long revers fastening to one side and tying with loose bow. In Ivory, Stone, Putty, Grey, Antelope, Tan, Flesh, Nigger, Black and Navy and Champagne.

PRICE

29/6

Outsizes **3/-** extra.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W.1

Sent on approval

WHAT IS YOUR PRINCIPAL ASSET?

Put this question to the men of your acquaintance and in nine cases out of ten, what is the answer?

"MY LIFE POLICY."

When a man dies, what is one of the first questions his friends ask?

"WAS HE INSURED?"

HOW MUCH INSURANCE SHOULD YOU CARRY?

A rule of thumb for the least amount of Insurance a man should carry is a sum equal to five years of his present income—if his wife and family are to carry on with an income of only one-quarter of what he has—that is, if they are to spend only 5/- where he spends a £.

DO YOU CARRY ENOUGH INSURANCE?

Does your policy come anywhere near the minimum amount you ought to carry? If not, by all you hold dear and sacred, make the effort to bring the amount up to what it should be.

THE "BOUNTY" POLICY OF THE STANDARD

is the ideal policy for family provision.

Write for Explanatory Leaflet 'Y' 17

TO

The STANDARD LIFE

Assurance Company. — Estd. 1825.

Head Office: 3 George Street, EDINBURGH.

LONDON: 110 Cannon Street, E.C. 4, and 15a Pall Mall, S.W.1

DUBLIN: 59 Dawson Street.

Take Your Pleasures Gladly!

The holidays at last!

New air, new sights, new folk—and when the time comes, all too soon, for your return to the town and work, the complete change will have made a new man of you.

That's what your holiday *should* do for you—recruit you, body and mind, to start a new life when you go home again. But does it?

What could be sillier than to be out of sorts on holiday? And yet you cannot honestly deny that you have often been a little below par yourself in the past. It's through forgetting that the abrupt change from the stuffy town to the splendid sea and country air can just as easily pull you down as give you renewed health. The consequence is, if you forget to pack your bottle of Kruschen Salts when leaving home, your first few days at least are anything but happy.

The little tasteless daily dose, because it braces your system to cope with more strenuous exercise and more exhilarating air than you are used to, is as invaluable on holiday as it is at home, and quite as indispensable. Take just as much as will lie on a sixpence in your breakfast cup of tea, and you will ensure the proper working of your liver and kidneys. All waste clogging matter is gently but surely expelled.

Each little pinch, a perfect blend of the six salts essential to bodily well-being, helps to send new, refreshed, vigorous blood pulsing through every vein. It makes you game for anything, for it primes every fibre of your being with tingling vitality.

You take your pleasures gladly when you take the daily dose—so don't forget that Kruschen bottle when you're packing! *Get a 1s. 9d. bottle to-day.*

Tasteless in Tea

Put as much in your breakfast cup as will lie on a sixpence. It's the little daily dose that does it.

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

The Bystander, August 1, 1923 No. 1026. Vol. LXXIX.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Vandyk*

THE LADY JEAN DALRYMPLE

Eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Stair. Lt.-Col. Lord Stair was formerly in the Scots Guards, and served with distinction in South Africa and the European War

John Bull Crusoe's Other Island

BY E. T. REED

Baldwinson Crusoe and his more or less faithful McKenna Man Friday searching for solutions among the Reparation wreckage

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"

WHEN HE SEES HIS NAME IN PRINT

DO THEY FEAR THAT THE CONTENTS MAY REALLY SHAKE THE COUNTRY TO ITS CORE?

'MOTHERS WON'T LET THEIR DAUGHTERS GO ON THE STAGE'

LOTS OF PEOPLE MAKE THEMSELVES ILL BY LOOKING IN THE GLASS

THE INEVITABLE VICTOR

The Silly Season

HIGHBROWS may sniff at what is known as the silly season—that holiday period when nothing happens, and, the papers being short of news, editors encourage their readers to write letters on all sorts of matters that lie nearest to their hearts. This season is no more silly than Sussex is silly—yet we have heard of Silly Sussex for centuries.

"Sly Sussex"

I HAVE always felt that Silly Sussex was a misnomer, and this view is confirmed by Murray Allison, the latest poet to sing the praises of the sea-board county. He has written a charming little verse which he gives the challenging title of "Sly Sussex." The verse is a new setting of an old theme, and here it is:

They've a saying down in Sussex, and they utter it with passion,
"When gorse shall cease from blossoming, then kissing s out of fashion."
Now I've never known a second, or a minute or an hour,
As I've travelled o'er the Downside, that *some* gorse was not in flower.

The Eager Amateur

CAN it be that this same silly season should really be known as the sly season—the time of year when hard-worked journalists sit back and let the eager amateur fill their columns for them. This may be the case, but if it is, I have no quarrel with the editors, aforesaid, for the letters that are now spreading across the page of my morning paper are quite as interesting as the ordinary contributions of the literary gent who is paid to do the job.

It's Up to Him

THE reason being, of course, that the letter writer is bursting to say what he has to say. Ever since last August he has been bursting to ride his hobby horse or air this particular grievance. He is not filling space because there is space to be filled. He feels that it is up to him to save the country, and he is out to save it at whatever cost to himself. Accordingly, he plunges into the fray, and when he sees his name in print he knows that the earth will continue to revolve round the sun for another twenty-four hours.

Why Not Indeed?

I HAVE been reading some of these silly season products, and I find myself catching the enthusiasm and indignation of the writers. Why can't the Bishops open Joanna Southcott's box? Why not settle this great question once and for all? Do they fear that the contents may really shake the country to its core—if a country *has* a core, which I doubt. On the other hand, why *should* the Bishops open the box? Why hold themselves up to ridicule of all right-minded people by lending themselves to such an obvious hoax? You see, I have read two letters on the subject, and I don't quite know where I stand in the matter.

A Wicked Suggestion

THAT is the beauty of Silly Season correspondence—you do get both sides of the question. If you didn't, the discussion would wilt and die before it had run its allotted course. I have heard wicked men suggest that some editors provide the necessary fillip every now and again by getting a young gentleman in the office to dive into the wordy war with some challenging and provocative letter that calls forth a perfect deluge of acrimonious replies. I don't believe that. From what I know of newspaper correspondents, they are quite capable of keeping the pot boiling until the end of the holiday season brings their activities to an untimely close.

Where Are the Girls?

PERHAPS I can steal a likely topic from one of my esteemed contemporaries. I see that André Charlot, who produces those jolly

(*Continued on page 491*)

I HAVE ALWAYS FOUND IT MOST DIFFICULT TO GET A SEAT AT THEIR GAMES'

'HE IS VERY CAREFUL TO DO IT WHEN NO ONE IS BY.'

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). At 2.30 and 7.45
PAUL SPECHT'S ORCHESTRA, ALBA TIBERIO, LYDIA LOPOKOVA & CO., ROBB WILTON, HANDERS & MILLISS, 10 TAZSERWOULLTH, Etc.

ADELPHI, Strand. (Ger. 2645 & 8886). NIGHTLY at 8.15.
"ROSALIND" by J. M. Barrie.
And, at 9, "THE YOUNG PERSON IN PINK."
MATINÉES TUESDAY and THURSDAY at 2.30.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201). Evgs. at 8.15. Mats., Wed., Sat., & Mon. Aug. 6 at 2.15.
"THE MERRY WIDOW."
EVELYN LAYE. NANCIE LOVAT. IVY TRESMAND.
GEORGE GRAVES. DEREK OLDHAM. CARL BRISSON.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8724-5). Evgs. at 8.30. Mats., Thurs. and Sat. at 2.30.
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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

little revues at the Vaudeville, is complaining that he can't get pretty chorus girls for love or money. Now *there's* a silly season topic for you. Are our girls less beautiful than of yore? Has the production of *Oliver Cromwell* stirred the conscience of the country to such an extent that mothers won't let their daughters go on the stage? Is broadcasting to blame, or is it the shortage of gilded youths who were wont to marry the merry maidens who supplied attractive backgrounds to the jolly musical comedies of our youthful days? Robert Evett suggests that the modern demand for voices in the chorus may have something to do with it, and I daresay he's right.

The Jolly Sunburn

FOLLOWING my remarks last week on "the Fetish of Sunburn," there is a little psychological point that should not be overlooked. Lots of people make themselves ill by looking in the glass and deciding that they aren't so well as they were. In the same way they can cure their imaginary ills by consulting their mirrors and finding that their looks do not pity them. We are few of us so ill as we feel, but most of us are as well as we look; and so, give me the jolly sunburn and all the cheery optimism that goes with it.

Superior Sportsmen

IF there is one thing more than another that I "can't abide" it is the photograph of the gallant sportsman standing proudly by his bag of big game. There is something so unequal in the contest between the modern rifle and the brute creation that the inevitable victor need not feel so superior as he looks. With a full creel it is a different matter, for the fisherman earns all he can get, to say nothing of the fact that the fish is a cold-blooded specimen for whom no one ever feels any sort of sympathy.

A Breed Apart

I HAVE been keeping an eye on the Thames fisherman of late, and I don't know whether to envy or admire him. There he sits, through the silent night watches, and if he catches anything, he is very careful to do it when no one is by. He is quite a breed apart—the Thames fisherman. He has the patience of half a dozen patriarchs; he is the least gregarious thing in the world, and non-success leaves him quite unsoured. Possibly, if someone left the cork out of his bottle, or dropped his bait in the river, he might betray a little emotion, but even that is difficult to believe.

By Chas. Graves

THE "HERO" OF THE PEACE

World's Workers Only!

WHEN will the authorities open the public swimming-baths at hours when they can be used by the people for whom they are intended? If you are one of the world's workers you have as much chance of getting a swim as a sand-worm in the Sahara, for the baths don't open until you are half-way to the City and the attendants have all gone home to their wives by the time you are back again. I have always wondered what people *do* use the public baths. I shall have to take a day off and settle the problem once for all.

An Obvious Suggestion

OWING, possibly, to the artists in their midst, the members of the Chelsea Council are an enlightened body of men, and they are asking the P.M.G. to provide automatic machines for the supply of stamps in certain public places, other than post-offices. These machines should be fixed to every pillar-box in London. I make no charge for this obvious suggestion.

That Chelsea Deficit

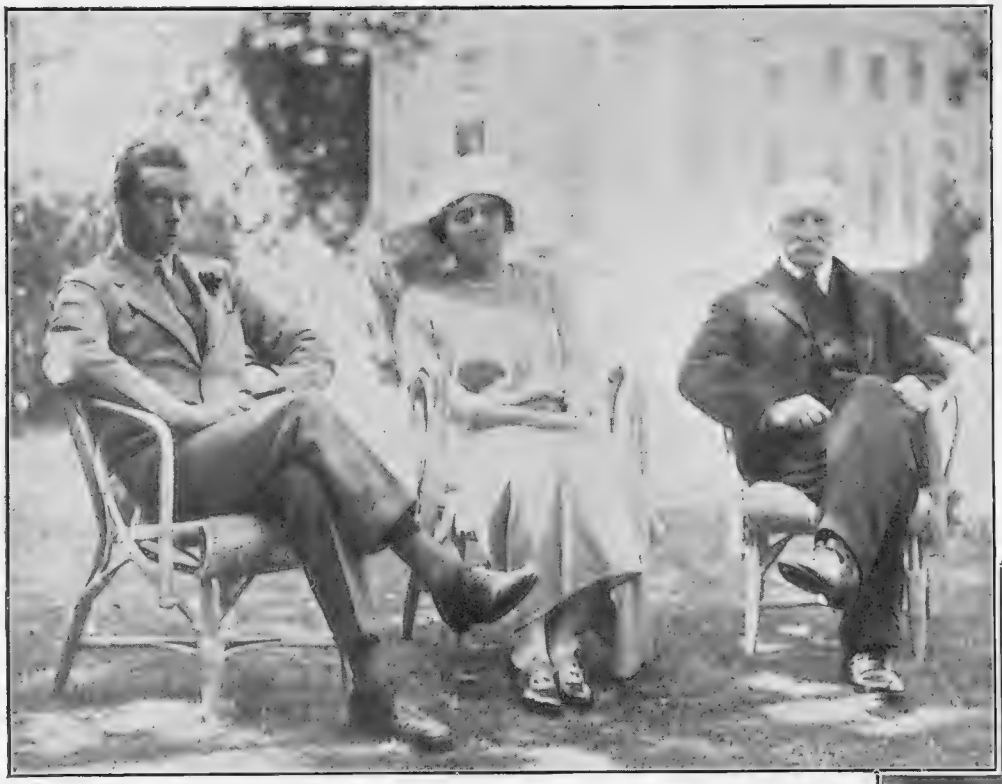
ONCE in a while one sees a little paragraph tucked away in a corner of a paper which gives one furiously to think. Such a paragraph was that which told us that the Chelsea Football Club had lost money on last season's trading. I had always imagined that the good people at Stamford Bridge were "rolling in it." I have always found it most difficult to get a seat at their games, and the weekly receipts have made my mouth water. Yet, as I say, money has been lost on the season's trading.

A Matter of Business

THE word "trading" is used advisedly in this connection. The days when professional football was a mere pastime are past and gone. The whole thing savours of a business enterprise—that curious enterprise in which the more money you make the more you seem to lose. This is not intended as any reflection on the management, but is rather a commentary on the way in which working expenses have increased in these post-war days. Also, our old friend, the Entertainment Tax, has something to do with it, just as it has affected the theatre box office receipts.

NEXT WEEK:

"The Bystander" will publish on Tuesday next a Special Number which, in addition to all the usual features, will deal very fully with the approaching Scottish Season.



Photograph *Central News*

THE PRINCE OF WALES VISITS A PRINCE OF AUTHORS

During his recent tour in the West Country, the Prince of Wales paid a visit to Mr. Thomas Hardy, the Grand Old Man of English literature, with whom he lunched. He is here seen with his host and hostess on the lawn at Max Gate, Mr. Hardy's Dorchester home

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Season—A Retrospect

THE Royal Garden-Party at Buckingham Palace brought the season to an end with shawms and trumpets. It opened with the wedding of the Duke of York in April—nearly three weeks earlier than usual—and it has gone on in a crescendo, dances, dinners, luncheons, afternoon and evening parties, concerts, charity entertainments, and a hundred other things multiplying themselves right up to the end of July. A brilliant end to a brilliant season.

One can make a comparison between the past season and those of pre-war times because it is the first we have had since Armageddon which has approached the seasons of old times.

All brilliant seasons are alike, but this last season differs from the most brilliant of its forerunners in two particulars. One is the number of foreign Royal personages who have been in London and the other is the size of some of the dinner-parties. Lord and Lady Stradbroke's dinner at Hurlingham to celebrate their silver wedding was for over a hundred guests. Mrs. Simon Brand had seventy guests for her cabaret dinner in Carlton House Terrace. There were thirty-six guests at the dinner given to the King by Lord Beatty at the Mall House; thirty-six at the dinner given by Mrs. Ronald Greville to the Duke and Duchess of York; thirty-four at the dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Beckett to the Prince of Wales; and thirty at the dinner given by Lord and Lady Ancaster to Princess Mary. Big dinner-parties, quite outside these dinners to Royalty, have been one of the features of the season.

Quantity is a sign of the times. There are so many people to know, and everybody knows so many people, that entertaining—like the six thousand invitations to the Royal party—has to be done on a big scale.

But there is another side of the question. Few houses now, even the largest, have a staff sufficiently large to carry out dinner-parties of the old-fashioned size. Outside help, both in the kitchen and the dining-room, has to be called in, and it is, consequently, just as easy—and certainly cheaper—to have one very big dinner-party instead of two or three.

Photograph *Photopress*

IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND

Princess Mary at Swanley Horticultural College in Kent, receiving a present of fruit raised by the pupils. The group includes Sir J. Cockburn (left), Viscountess Falmouth, and Miss Barratt, the Principal of the College

Photograph *Central News*

A ROYAL GIFT FOR CHARITY

The Hon. Elizabeth Elphinstone holding the present sent by the Queen to be raffled in aid of the Scottish Children's League of Pity at the fête recently held at Dundas Castle. With her are General MacFie and Master Elphinstone

The Last "Tickets"

FOR my own part, I don't mind owning frankly that this year I have experienced the delight of a far-away childhood. In those times the whole family, lock, stock and barrel, servants, children, governess, were brought to London somewhere about the opening of Parliament, and there they all remained until Parliament went out of session. This is one of the reasons of the hundreds of big London houses which nobody can keep up nowadays, and which are being turned into flats.

London, I'm sure, was hotter and stuffier in the summer in those days. Life for us children was divided sharply—

Photograph AT THEIR MAJESTIES' COMMAND [*Central News*

Some of the six thousand guests being received by the King and Queen in the grounds of Buckingham Palace last week. A delightful informality was the keynote of the only Royal garden-party of the season, where all classes of society were represented, and where the many foreign royalties now visiting these shores brought to older minds an echo of pre-war days

March to August in London, August to March in the country. How sick we got of the daily walks in Hyde Park—not the Hyde Park of to-day, with its succession of flowers—the hot pavements and the stuffy schoolroom and nurseries at the top of the house!

The mantelpiece in our mother's sitting-room was a barometer. Towards the middle of July the array of invitation-cards on that mantelpiece began to show gaps. I can remember crying out with glee, somewhere about the age of six, at the end of one weary July, "There are only three tickets left. They're all for this week, so we can go home on Monday."

The few remaining "tickets" on my mantelpiece last week gave me the same sense of joy, the same sense of escape. This may be taken as gross ingratitude when you think of all the fun, the interest and the pleasure, that the "tickets" have meant. But don't you agree with me that the most brilliant season can give you one ball, one party, one dinner too much?

What genius will arise and sweep away the bitter words—*fin du saison*? You get it everywhere at all seasons of the year—London, Paris, Rome, the Riviera, English watering-places, French *plages*. *Fin du saison*—well, the wise children of earth, those who have kissed wisdom on the lips, never wait anywhere for the *fin du saison*. They are like the honey-bees. They take the cream of pleasure, here, there, everywhere, just as the bee collects its pollen. Wise people.

Photograph *Lafayette*

SUMMONED TO THE LORDS

Lord Cromwell, who has succeeded to the Barony which has just been restored after a lapse of 469 years. The new peer was Capt. R. G. W. Bewicke-Copley, M.C., and is the only surviving son of the late Brigadier-General Sir Alingdon Bewicke-Copley, K.B.E., C.B.

Photograph A PEACE RECIPE FOR TURKISH DELIGHT [*Keystone*

Take two champagne glasses, some charming ladies, one small child, and an unlimited number of delegates. Mix well for five years or so, add a little pepper and ginger at intervals, and serve according to Turkish taste

The Royal Garden-Party

THE clouds on Thursday morning suggested that the afternoon might bring a repetition of the previous day's deluge, and so ruin the garden-party at Buckingham Palace, the cards of invitation

to which bore the ominous words "Weather permitting."

Happily, the weather did permit, and if people found the wind rather trying, they were compensated by the brilliance of the party. The sky had a clear brightness, very unusual in London at this time of year, which seemed to add to the marvellous colours of the dresses, and to give a spring-like greenness to the grass.

As always, everything was remarkably well done—and there were some six thousand people to provide with tea. The Royal party had tea in the shamiana, the gorgeous Indian tent with silver poles which was used at the Delhi Durbar.

Photograph *L.N.A.*

AT THE IRISH OAKS

A corner of the paddock at the famous Curragh meeting last week. Mr. W. Singer's Becka came in first, Glenahesk, the favourite, finishing a moderate third in a field of ten

Photograph *Keystone*

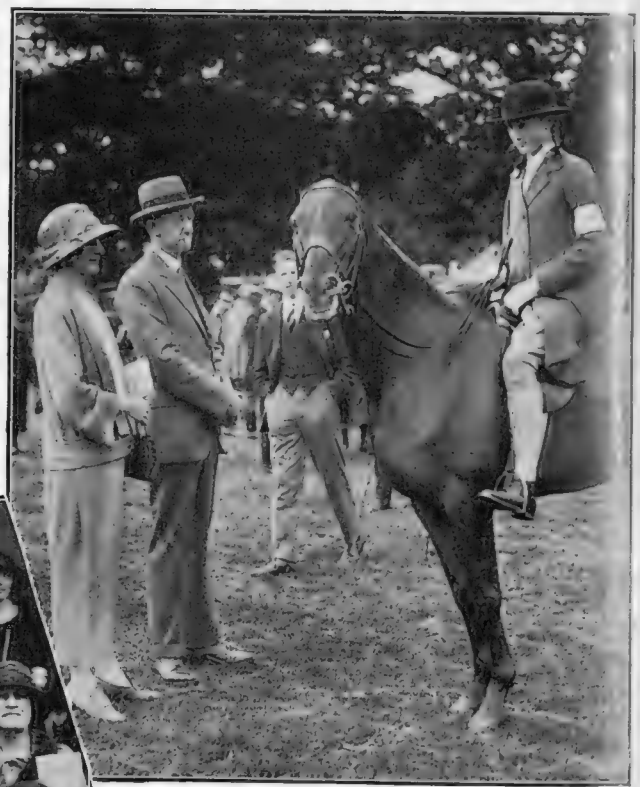
A NATIONAL ARMY AT PLAY

General Mulcahy, the Commander-in-Chief of the Irish National forces, watching his army disporting itself on the running track at Croke Park, Dublin

The Promise of Cowes

THERE has been "considerable activity" at Cowes these last few weeks, and judging by the number of yachts which are being put into commission the famous "week" will see a revival of pre-war glories. More large yachts will be anchored in Cowes Roads than has been the case since the bursting of the war-bomb in August, 1914, scattered them all to creeks and shipyards.

The Duke of Leeds, the Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, the Vice-Commodore, have already been to Cowes, and amongst those who have been cruising about were Lord Tredegar in the *Sylvana*, Lord Inchcape in the *Rover*, Sir Walter Runciman in the *Sunbeam*, Lord Albemarle and Lord Camden. Lord Iveagh is having the *Sea Fay* put into commission and General Cornelius and Mrs. Vanderbilt will do a great deal of entertaining on their three-masted auxiliary schooner, *Atlantic*, which has already arrived off Cowes.



Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

A PRIZE-WINNER

Lady Cynthia North whose mount gained a second prize at the Tunbridge Wells and South-Eastern Counties Agricultural Show last week. With her are her father and mother, the Earl and Countess of Guilford

Photograph *Alfieri*

SOME SOUTH-EASTERN COUNTY FOLK

A group of spectators, including Lady Portman, the Hon. Selina Portman, Sir Merrik Burrell, and Mr. Long, at the Agricultural Show at Tunbridge Wells

During the War the *Atlantic* was used by the Americans as a submarine mother-ship. She won the ocean Atlantic race so long ago at 1905.

The King and Queen will go direct from Goodwood to Portsmouth, where they will join the *Victoria and Albert*, on which they will spend the Cowes week. The demand for rooms at the Cowes hotels, I hear, have reached this year the pre-war standard, and there will be a big array of yachts in the Roads. So, after all, things do seem to be looking up.

The King's Yacht

EVERYBODY is glad that the *Britannia* is racing again this year. It left a big blank last year, and it must have been a big deprivation to the King to forego racing his famous cutter, since His Majesty is the keenest of yachtsmen and probably gets more pleasure in racing the *Britannia* than in any other sport.

Photograph *Alfieri*
LORD POWIS AND LIEUT.-COL. SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS-WYNN

Goodwood

THERE is scarcely a big house within range of Goodwood that is not filled for the week. The Duke and Duchess of York are staying at Molecomb, Lord March's house near Goodwood. Lord Leconfield has a large party at Petworth; the Duchess of Norfolk has a gathering, mostly of young people, at Arundel Castle; Violet, Lady Beaumont is entertaining at Slinfold, and the Hon. Harold and Mrs. Pearson have a party at Cowdray, where, as usual, there will be polo after each day's racing.

An Interesting Appointment

PERHAPS it was because the appointment was not made immediately after the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of York that a goodly number of people were convinced that the Duchess would not have a lady-in-waiting. Your Bystander, if you remember, told you before the marriage that such an appointment would be made.

The choice has fallen on Lady Katharine Meade, a sister of the Earl of Clanwilliam, and formerly lady-in-waiting to the late Duchess of Albany. Lady Katharine's father, the late Lord Clanwilliam, was a great figure in the Navy, an Admiral of the Fleet, and a Lord of the Admiralty. The Duke of York's service in the Navy gives Lady Katharine's appointment the suggestion of a compliment to the Senior Service.

Her first occasion of public waiting on the Duchess of York was at Liverpool, when she was one of the occupants of the

Photograph *Alfieri*
LADY MARJORIE ERSKINE, LADY HERMIONE HERBERT AND THE HON. OLIVE CAMPBELL

WITH THE CAMERA AT WELSHPOOL

Snapshots at the Royal Welsh Agricultural Show

Photograph *Topical*
THE HON. OLIVE CAMPBELL AND LORD STAMFORD

Photograph *Alfieri*
LADY URSULA GROSVENOR AND MRS. GILBERT COTTON

Photograph G. P. U

A GARDEN-PARTY IN SURREY

Sir William and Lady Berry, with some of the 360 guests whom they recently entertained at Barrow Hills, Long Cross, Surrey. The group includes directors, editors, and managers of the allied printing and publishing firms controlled by Sir William and his brother, Mr. J. Gomer Berry

carriage which ran amok amongst the crowd.

Piccadilly

I DON'T know what the frontage value of Piccadilly is per foot, but it must be something dazzling, and one wonders, therefore, why that thoroughfare should possess three such derelicts as the skeleton of the proposed Park Lane Hotel, the empty premises of the old Isthmian Club, and Devonshire House.

The net-work of steel girders, which is as far as the construction of the Park Lane Hotel has gone, has been an eyesore for years, and still no enterprising capitalist comes along to complete it. I am told that the foundations have tapped one of the many underground streams of London, and that constant pumping is necessary to keep the water down.

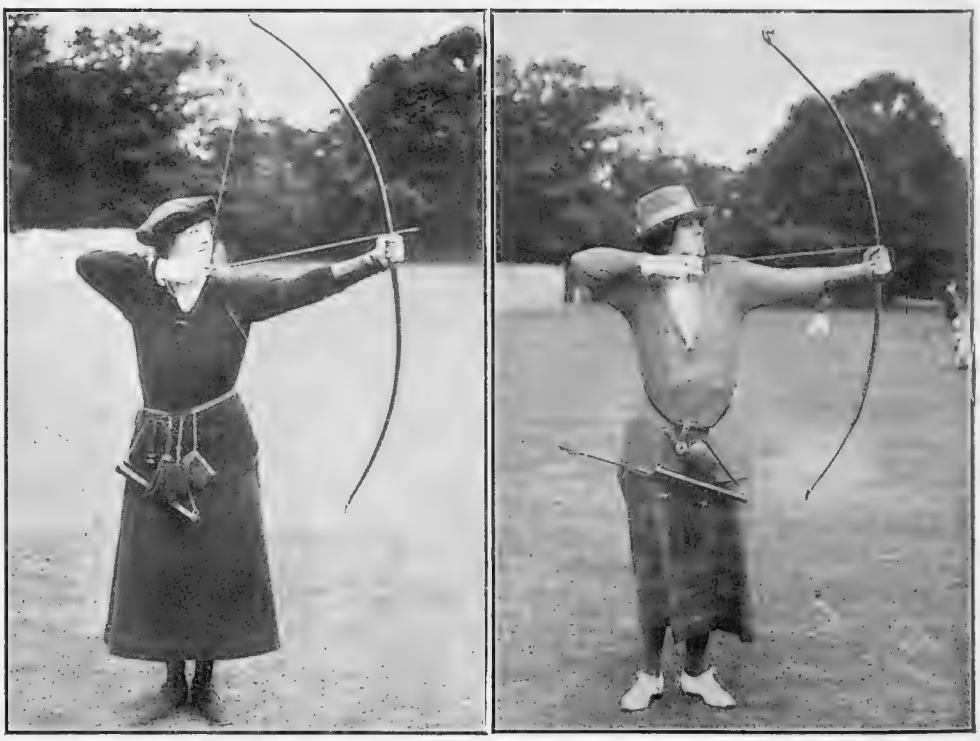
Sic Transit

THE personal possessions of Royal people very rarely come under the auctioneer's hammer, and in our time we have had no parallel to the sale at Christie's of the furs, laces, etc., belonging to the Empress Eugénie. It was a pathetic spectacle, and reminded one of a jumble sale. The lace, I believe, was valuable, but some of the furs had suffered from moth.

It is an interesting commentary on the changing times that in the same week in London an Empress's wardrobe was sold by auction, and the daughter of an Emperor — Princess Yourievsky — appeared as a performer at a music-hall. Princess Yourievsky is the daughter by his morganatic wife of the Czar Alexander, who was assassinated in the 'eighties.

Some Polo Notes

THE fact that the grounds at Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Roehampton are now closed for the season does not mean that there will be no more polo. On the contrary, the country tournament season, which is now about to get into swing, promises to be highly successful. During the present week a large number of players are gathered together at Cowdray Park, where Major the Hon. Harold Pearson delights to entertain his polo friends during the Goodwood meeting. A couple of splendid grounds are at his disposal at Cowdray, and the usual programme is to play a match or two in the forenoon before the house-party leaves for the races. On their return some first-class



Photographs *Topical*

DRAWN AT A VENTURE

Lady Margaret Hamilton-Russell (left), and Lady Maud Warrender, two of the many competitors in the National Round of the Seventy-Sixth Meeting of the Archers of the United Kingdom at Cambridge

polo is seen in the evenings, the week winding up with the tournament finals on Saturday. Major Pearson has made a veritable home of sport of Cowdray Park. He and his brother Clive run a private pack of foxhounds, with which they showed excellent sport last season over much of the country which was formerly covered by the historic Goodwood Hounds.

At Rugby

After the Cowdray tournaments there will be a big muster of players at the Rugby Club, whose season always reaches its zenith in August Bank Holiday week. The last time I was there the public were admitted by a small payment at the gate, and there was an enormous gathering to see some sparkling matches. In the remaining weeks of August there will be country tournaments at Minehead and other clubs, while there are various attractions for polo-players on the Continent. The Ostend season looks like meeting with plenty of success this year. The polo there is being managed by Major J. Vere Foster, who is also looking after the thriving interests of the Royal Antwerp Club.

Photograph *Vandyk*

WITH MUSICAL HONOURS

Miss Ellean Morgan Veitch, who is to marry Capt. Wilfred Templeman at St. Simon Zelotes, Lennox Gardens, to-day (August 1). The bridegroom, who has achieved great success in vocal recitals, is the well-known tenor, Wilfred Temple. Miss Veitch has accompanied him before—at the piano

Photograph *Short and General*

MRS. ORCZY BARSTOW

With her prize Chow, which secured two "firsts"

EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY

The Members' Show of the Southern Counties Canine Association, held at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne, afforded to the pick of the kennels—and their owners—an opportunity to show off their good points. The Show was remarkable for the lack of personal jealousy on the part of the canine competitors!

Photograph *Short and General*

ALSATIAN PRIZE-WINNERS OWNED BY MRS. LESLIE THORNTON

GOSSIP *from* DEAUVILLE

DEAUVILLE is pre-occupied with a great sensation. The bathing-dress competition has been forbidden! Nobody can tell why it is. The powers that be have not deigned to give a reason. But the pretty ladies who make the shores gay as a flower garden in the morning, who are, in fact, the real reason why Deauville is known as the "Plage Fleurie" are distinctly annoyed.

They have given extensive orders to their most expensive *couturières*, who have given the matter most earnest thought, lying awake at night to ponder on what particular creation could be supposed to make their *cliènte* win the coveted prize. For with the prize goes the *renommée*, the publicity, the press photographs, and the pleasure of defeating all her rivals who may, perhaps, have appeared to be a little more *chic* on the Potinière, but who would have been utterly routed when it was a question of a costume that gave an even greater display of feminine charms than is permitted further inland than the duck-walk that borders Deauville's sandy shores.

ON THE DUCK-WALK AT DEAUVILLE

Mrs. Jean Nash, Prince Sabbit Bey and a friend enjoying a promenade before déjeuner on the boarded walk, so reminiscent of the R.E.-built gun-tracks of other days and other regions

IT was said that Leonora Hughes and Irene Castle Treman were to have been the judges. No doubt they chose ladies because there was too much heart-burning and jealousy among the men, who much coveted this most interesting censorship. But it is just possible that here is the reason for the stopping of the competition. Irene Castle Treman came down to Deauville for a final week-end with her husband and divorced him the next, which is an instance of the rapid and decisive way they have of doing things on the other side of the Atlantic. One shudders to think what it must have cost to make the courts on this side of the Channel move so quickly. Must have created quite a sensation amongst fusty old gentlemen who generally decline to have anything to do with a *dossier* that is not coated with the dust of years. That is a vintage, in fact. However, these lovely *danseuses* have a very imperious way with them, and no doubt when it was a question of the fair Irene, even the oldest clerk of the *avocat* remembered that he had once been a gallant and comely young man, and that then he would have moved heaven and earth to oblige this beautiful being, so perhaps that was how it was done. In any case, the fair Irene is now on her way back to her native land, leaving Deauville, the scene of her early triumphs, desolate, and without one of its most competent judges for the criticism of the bathing costume.

WHY don't they, I wonder, have a competition for men instead? Of course, they don't go in for much variety in the way of the actual bathing costume. But their wraps! Any morning, just late enough for the appearance of a certain number of lookers on, you may see a dignified procession of males making their stately way down to the *plage* attired in all that is most wonderful and exclusive in the brocade creations of the men's *fournisseurs* of the Place Vendôme and the Rue de la Paix. They look like sultans, so haughty is their *mien*. And woman, clad in an airy crepe de Chine shawl over her bathing dress, or a gay patterned bath-towel wrap, is given much to think. It is the first time for centuries that she has been rivalled in splendour by a man! It is certain to have some influence on Madame la Mode, and if some new, *very* expensive bathing wrap becomes the essential of every woman's wardrobe the men have only themselves to blame.

Photograph *H. Wyndham*

QUITE A FAMILY AFFAIR

A scene on the "plage" at Dinard, which is fast filling with visitors from less favoured climes

THOUGH nothing to be compared with what is known as high play a week or two later when the season gets fairly going, there was some pretty heavy gambling at the "big" table, American finance being well to the fore. Still, with the dollar hovering in the neighbourhood of seventeen, it does not seem very serious to these hatchet-faced magnates, and they apparently find a great deal of distraction in taking a chance of making several hundred per cent on a few dollars in a very short time and risking their all slipping down the *cagnotte* rather than tucking them away comfortably somewhere at a safe twenty or twenty-five. Really to enjoy gambling you must either be so rich that it doesn't matter whether you win or lose, and it is only the joke of doing down the fellow who beat you on that last deal in Wall Street, or else, which is easier, and more frequent, you have to be so poor that the thing is a bluff. Then you wonder how you dare to call it, and getting up with empty pockets is so much in the picture that you scarcely notice it; in fact, you would feel something strange were happening if for once you chanced to win.

MRS. NASH has arrived with the pearls, the newest frocks, and the attendant swain. Like nearly every other woman, she has cut her hair short and clipped to the nape of the neck, a concession to the small hat fashion, which, since it has made the wearing of hairpins unbearable, has almost compelled us to go about with shorn locks. All very well as long as Madame la Mode does not change her mind and suddenly switch us on to something that needs the dignity of a "bun" to hold it up at the back.

EX-KING MANOEL and his consort are expected to arrive in the course of the next day or so, and Lady Marjorie Heath, one of the Earl of Denbigh's daughters, is staying with Mrs. Gilbert Cockburn at her villa at Cabourg. The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes is coming to her villa, and many Americans have arrived, including Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Macomber, who have the beautiful Château of Quesnay. Mr. Macomber, of course, is the present owner of the Vanderbilt stables, and his colours are very popular here and will be seen a good deal during August, and everybody hopes to see him first past the winning-post. Lord Derby and Lady Victoria Bullock will most probably stay with the Duc and Duchesse Decazes for part of the racing season, and a good many other well-knowns will be turning up. PETETTE.

Working on Different "Lines"

BY D'EGVILLE

What we may expect when Labour, during the rush hours of travel, is considered Capital

Some Weddings of the Week

LEAVING THE CHAPEL ROYAL, SAVOY

Major-General Sir Torquhil Matheson and his bride (Lady Elizabeth Keppel) snapped at the Chapel door. General Matheson has been G.O.C. of Waziristan District since 1920. The new Lady Matheson is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Albemarle

A SMILING PAIR

Dr. Noel Gordon Harris and his bride, the Hon. Thelma Kitson, after their marriage at St. Saviour's, Chelsea. The bridegroom is a son of Sir Alexander Harris, who was at one time Governor of Newfoundland; his wife is the sixth daughter of Lord and Lady Airedale

Photographs *Central News*

A FIFESHIRE WEDDING

Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton and the Hon. Dorothy Cochrane, the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Cochrane of Cults, leaving the picturesque private chapel of Crawford Priory, Springfield, after their marriage. The bridesmaids were Miss Sibyl O'Neill, a cousin of the bride, and the Hon. Christian Scott and Miss Angel O'Rorke, the bridegroom's cousins. The tiny train-bearers, who are not taking a very violent interest either in photography or the important business of train-bearing, are Miss Victoria Buxton and Miss Victoria Erskine

THE BATHING ENTENTE

By Blanchette. *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"Get up at 7.25 or 8.13"

SOMEWHERE-BY-THE-SEA, *July* 30

DEAR COUSIN—

I SUPPOSE somewhere there is, in London now, not to mention other capitals, a proper organised life going on. Wherein people get up at 7.25 or 8.13, as the case may be, and prepare themselves for an 8 or 9 o'clock breakfast, and then go forth to a day's well-regulated doings, punctually and religiously to time and according to rule.

卐

I S'POSE these sort of things *must* still be going on—though to us irresponsible holiday-makers it seems, doesn't it, a mere vague and well-nigh incredible dream? And, p'raps, that is really one of the big and chief joys of making holiday, when you come to think of it—to defy utterly, I mean, the time-table, and to *conspuer*, as it were, all manner of rules, regulations and appointed hours.

卐

HAVE been doing so pretty thoroughly meself, anyway, I must confess, this last week or so. Aided, I may add, by the d'lightful French *mode* of *petit déjeuner*, or breakfast in your own room, which only the very hardiest and most determined of Cook's-tour English venture to defy. Must admit, you know, I'm sometimes not *altogether* proud of my compatriots and compatriotes when I meet 'em abroad, which, 'tween you and me, doesn't happen oftener than I can help—not the casual see-the-Continent kind, at any rate.

卐

LOVE England, I do, right to the very uttermost depths of my heart, as I think everyone who knows your Blanchette knows. And am most frightf'ly glad, *entre nous*, to be back here in England now again after a lovely time on t'other side of the Channel. But can quite see, right away, why some of the residents of other countries don't altogether love *us*.

卐

CONGREGATE all together, for one thing, most of them do, when they get to a foreign country, and won't even begin to mix with the other people, however friendly. And *ces autres* really are, you know, dear cousin, most awfully ready to be friendly, whatever the politicians may say—which doesn't really matter *very* much in the end, does it? Made simply heaps of friends, we did, among the so-called alien and hostile race, in only a week or so, just simply by smiling and trying to look pleasant and uttering the most futile copy-book French phrases with a more or less appropriate shrug of the shoulders and wave of the hands.

卐

AM more and more inclined to b'lieve, you know, that all this enmity between the nations is simply due to—shyness. Just 'cos they don't know each other's languages, that is, and are all rather shy 'bout starting to talk to the other first. Whereas, once some bold person starts breaking the ice, everyone discovers instantly that they know quite a lot of nice French or English words and the conversash. (assisted by pantomime) proceeds most animatedly and with complete *accord*.

"Won't mix with the other people"

卐

WHEREFORE (though being, as aforesaid, not likely to be suspected as anything but a lover of *la belle Angleterre*) would rather like, I would, to find some real common bond 'tween us and the French, who are so naturally akin to us and who so often (not unnaturally) hate us in the mass.

卐

DON'T wonder in the least, *par exemple*, that we aren't too frightfully popular with *les Français* when the typical British inhabitant of a French hotel talks in a loud voice of scorn about the exquisite little specimens of French cookery that are being placed before him (or her) at an hotel dinner, and suggests that a good English beefsteak would be infinitely preferable. Only objection to which being that, as a matter of fact, the French have rather a way of cooking beefsteak which—fearf'ly wrong of 'em, of course, but it does in the end produce

rather better results than any of our own cooks can turn out!

卐

But it's *l'entente* we're searching for, after all, and not any mere little minor differences, that in the end don't matter in the very least. . . And there right away, *voilà*, behold, I believe we have before our very eyes the medium of peace—*l'entente de bathing*.

"Insist on having an English beefsteak"

卐

In bathing, come to think of it, all men—and all women—are equal, aren't they? And when you come to compare bathing *à l'Anglaise* and bathing *à la Française*, there isn't so much difference between them as you could spread on a pin's point really. Having removed all your clothes, I mean, and put on more or less similar one or two-piece bathing suits, you enter the sea (or *la mer*) in a really quite friendly sort of spirit—don't you? No *arrière-pensées* about reparations or any of that sort of thing. What a pity Cab. Ministers couldn't be induced to have a sort of unanimous turn at it, too, what?

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To bathe—it really does equalise all the world, doesn't it? When the man (or woman) with the big bulging brain doesn't matter half so much as the one with the slim athletic body who can breast the waves fearlessly. . . . And, *au contraire*, the strong and violent swimmer counts for very little in the walk back to our hotel, if he can't hold his own in the give-and-take of foolish chat, that futile conversation which follows the bathe, and is, p'raps, the most testing of all. *Esprit d'escalier* is nothing to the *esprit* of the bathing-gown.

We bathe, too, in very much the same way. From huts or tents, or from the shore. Only difference being in what we wear. In France—contrary to expectation—real boyish navy blue suits with fearf'ly short leg-pieces, and all the elaboration put into the caps of all colours most carefully arranged.

"Are our ankles neat?"

A few ornamental costumes here and there—but they are not particularly popular among the real swimmers.

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Here, at Somewhere-by-the-Sea, seems rather far away from all that happens in the world, but I do b'lieve everything's really rather coming to an end, 'sfar as I can gather, there in London now. Goodwood this week, to set a sort of social crown on the season, with the King coming to visit the Duke of Richmond for the races in the "birdless grove."

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And next week there'll be Cowes, to make the very last and final function of the summer's affairs, as sort of introduction to immediate dispersal to Scottish moors, or Dieppe (where they have a big race-meeting) or Deauville and Pourville and Aix-les-Bains and all the rest.

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Rather a holiday atmosphere about everything just now, is there not? And rather a holiday tendency in the various letters that are being written to the papers as well—"Are Our Ankles Neat?" and "Do Girls Dance Too Much?" etc. Don't want to be the least bit critical about any of 'em though, do you? Looks rather like a sign of more hot weather coming.

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette

A Popular Victory

Our Favourite Actress Competition, in which Miss Gladys Cooper has scored such a well-deserved success, has attracted the attention of the daily Press. The *Daily Chronicle* has a neat leader on the subject, the *Daily Mail*, in one of its issues last week, has gladly welcomed the decision of Bystander readers, and other papers have commented favourably on the Election and its result. When asked by a *Daily Graphic* representative what it felt like to be the most popular actress in England, Miss Gladys Cooper said: "Well, I haven't yet got over the surprise of winning it." "In fact," she added gaily, "when the news reached me in my dressing-room that I had won the prize I had the surprise of my life. Never for a moment did I believe that I should get the most votes. Of course, I have had lots of letters from people who voted for me, saying that they hoped I would win. A Bystander reader even sent me a postcard from Algiers to say he had voted for me; but as for being first, I never dreamt of such a thing."

From Our Portrait Gallery

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

LADY JULIET TREVOR AND SIR MICHAEL DUFF

Lady Juliet Trevor is a niece of Lord Lonsdale and the wife of Major Keith Trevor, M.C. Her son, Sir Michael Duff, succeeded to the title in 1914, when his father, Sir Robert Duff, a gallant soldier, was killed in action

PEOPLE *at* PLAY

SQUASH RACKETS. By "PENDARVES"

"Y-ES. I don't mind playing you a game of squash, if you like: must have some exercise. Haven't played since I was at school, don't you know; but don't suppose that matters. Can I borrow some flannels anywhere? Right." . . .

It is in this breezy manner that you approach the game that you discarded in your last term, never had time to indulge up at Oxford, and have not given a thought to since. At the best it was merely a secondary consideration, a means to an end for keeping you in trim for other *real* games. That was all.

But as you climb into his flannels, which are rather tight for you, and hear the "ping" and "slap" of the ball in the court above, and smell once again the rather humid atmosphere of the dressing-room, you wonder if you have not been a shade optimistic. The racket you borrow seems unaccountably light and flimsy after the vicarage tennis you were playing last week. You are not at all sure you haven't made an egregious blunder as you see two quite young men come through the heavy concrete door in a state of partial exhaustion. Aren't you getting a bit old for this sort of thing?

The Regular Player, who knows you got a "Blue" for something years ago, says cautiously, "What will you give me?"

But you have enough presence of mind (and breath) left to reply, "Don't be foolish. We must play level to start with, then I'm taking five."

As the heavy door clangs to on its strap behind you, you experience that uncomfortable penned-in feeling you always get when the butler closes the waiting-room door on you at the dentist's.

He says "service" quietly, taps the side wall with his racket, and begins. For the first six points you don't see the ball at all. The seventh you hit on the wood, the eighth into the gallery, and the ninth into your opponent's back, hard.

Then you begin to remember a little. The ball has ceased to be a black bullet ricochetting off four white walls at once, and by a miraculous providence you score a point with a blind smash, and go in.

Certain axioms grunted at you by the marker at school flash into your mind again. "Keep the ball low . . . keep your man on the run . . . get him on the wrong foot . . . keep him in front of you. . . ." You were the fastest three-quarter the school fifteen had had for many a season, and that is the only thing that saves you from complete ignominy. The squash habit, once acquired, returns very quickly. But at what tremendous cost. Your quickness of foot and utter disregard of receiving a ball full in the face keep your end up somehow, and long-drawn-out rallies begin to take place. Some of your old cross-shots come back to you. At one point you are 13 all, and best of five to go. It is purgatory.

But by this time your heart hammers under your shirt: you are half blinded: it pours off you: it trickles into your shoes: you gasp and lean helplessly against the side wall: you are in the last stage of physical prostration. And when the half-hour of excruciating agony expires and the next couple hammer irritably on the door, you stagger, speechless, limp, into the dressing-room again and just let yourself go on dripping, for ever and ever.

When you have got your clothes on after the hot shower-bath, and are lying fully extended in a club armchair with a very long glass in the right hand, only then do you feel safe again.

You were really afraid the end was at hand. Syncope they call it, don't they? But you are all right now. Until next morning. Then the sudden effort at getting out of bed is really rather terrifying. Every muscle in your body is like an exposed nerve in a tooth. You have been run over by a six-ton Leyland lorry. You will never get to the office again. Not for weeks, anyhow. It is an agony to sit upright. In the midst of this torment the telephone by your bedside crashes out. The ingratiating voice of a man at the club says:

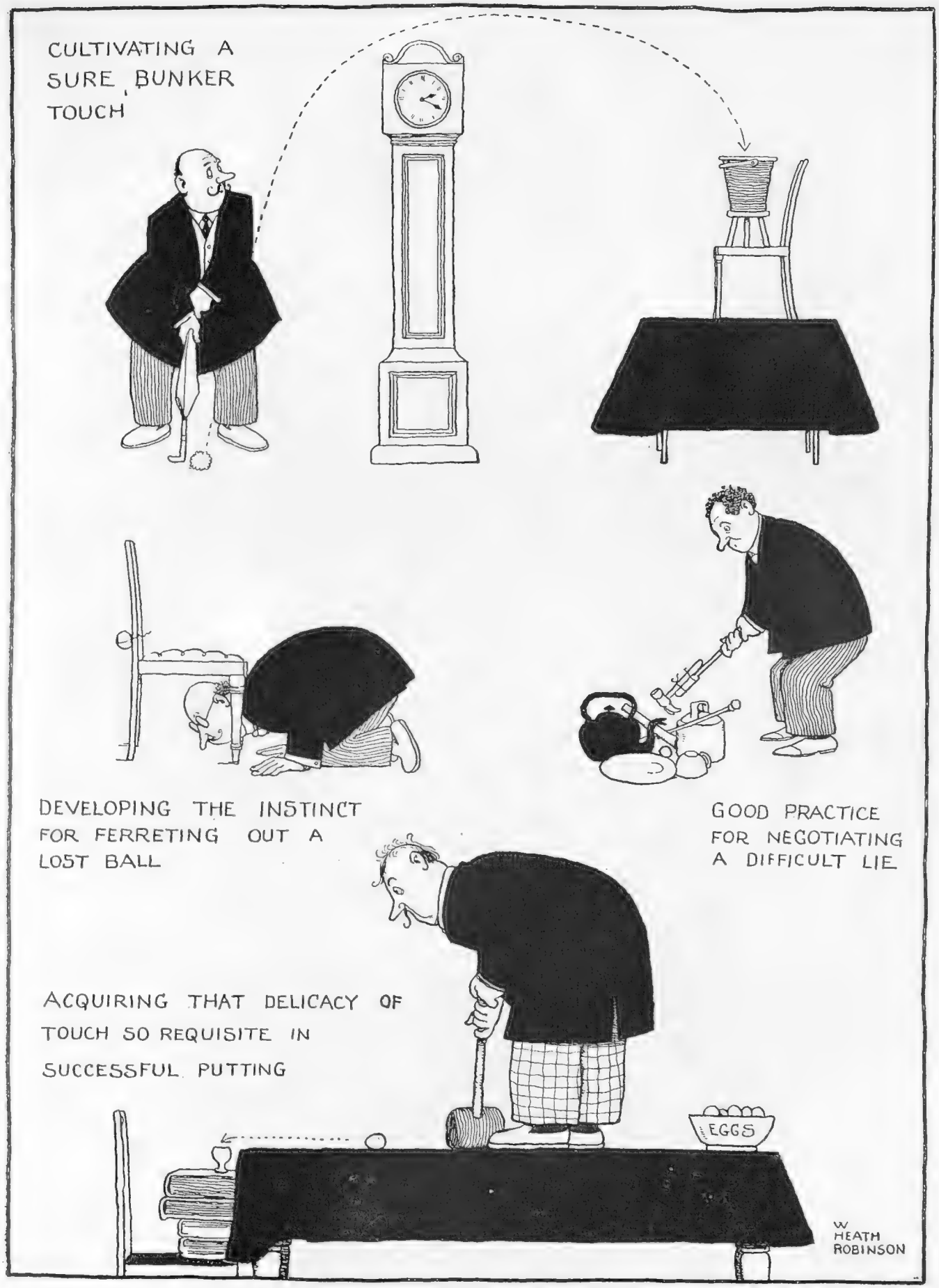
"Mornin', ol' man. What about a small game of squash this afternoon? I hear you've taken it up again. Good for you."

A "FLOR" IN THE ARGUMENT By Lendon

Commercial Traveller (*who has attempted to bribe shopkeeper with a box of cigars*): "But if you have any conscientious scruples, you may pay me a shilling for the box."

Scots Merchant: "Weel, weel! In that case I'll tak' twa boxes."

Unnatural Hazards



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

HOME PRACTICE FOR THE GOLFING NOVICE

Photograph *Sport and General*

SUMMER REFLECTIONS

Two little dancers enjoying a quiet interlude in the grounds of Miss Hexter's Dancing School, Teign Bridge House, Devon

The Other Woman. By P. Beaufoy.

"I THINK," remarked the Lady Novelist as she lounged in a chair at the Pen and Paper Club, "that we writers of Serial Stories really ought to do something in the way of erecting a statue to the Other Woman."

"Which other?" we asked.

"My dears, there is only one other, and she is always referred to in capitals. I mean, of course, the lady who enters the hitherto happy home and destroys the domestic peace. We have George and Angela devoted to each other, and exuding a sort of syrupy sweetness of mutual adoration. Then in Chapter 2, or sometimes Chapter 3, the Other Woman enters. Once she was tall and dark. To-day she is usually small and fluffy. But that is immaterial. At once there is disorder. If the story belongs to what used to be called the Realistic school, George goes away, but returns to his wife with bowed head and pleading eyes in the last instalment. If, however, the tale is of the goody-goody type, George nobly resists the temptation after hovering just near enough to the danger-zone to sustain the interest of the readers . . . finding out, of course, that it was only a mad infatuation.

"But whether the hero is naughty or virtuous, the fact remains that The Other Woman is as vital to us who live by the pen as a Capitalist to the Red Flaggers. Therefore, I am prepared to receive subscriptions for a statue. I would suggest the following inscription:

This Statue is Erected as a Grateful Tribute to

THE OTHER WOMAN

Who Has Formed the Basis of the Majority of the Plots of Serial Stories since Adam.

We all grinned.

"Of what material would the statue be made?" asked someone, pertly. "Brass, I suppose."

The Lady Novelist frowned.

"It would largely depend upon the amount of the subscriptions," she answered, severely.

"Marble, with a jade base," suggested another member. "Jade would be appropriate, if expensive."

The L. N. sighed.

"I see that none of you will treat the matter in a properly serious way," she complained. "Anyhow, I shall follow up the idea. In fact, I may write an article about it for *The Ladies' Pantechnicon*. I believe their Jumper Editor rather likes my stuff."

She quitted the lounge with determination in her eyes and a smudge of ink upon her blouse.

. . . . . .

A week or two later I chanced to see the Lady Novelist again. She was seated in a chair in moody silence.

"Hullo!" I cried, cheerily, "how are the statue funds coming in? Haven't posted mine yet, but I'm saving up."

She gave me a terrible look, then rose and flashed from the room.

Another member whom I knew slightly looked up from her paper.

"Rather an unfortunate remark, that of yours," she observed. "No wonder poor Mrs. Blotte was hurt."

I raised my eyebrows in immediate interrogation.

"Why . . . Didn't you know?" she went on in an excited whisper. "Her husband eloped the day before yesterday with *The Other Woman*."

WHO IS SHE?

A MOST useful publication for hostesses and guests in the world of Mayfair is *The Ladies' Who's Who* (The International Art and Publishing Company, Ltd., 38, Bedford Square: 21*s.* net). But lest the ultra-curious amongst us should die of disappointment, we hasten to state that *no* dates of birth are given. Nor any divorce particulars. Apart from these rather natural discrepancies the publication is admirable.

Still "In the Pink"

MISS JOYCE CAREY

In the charming costume of that delightful young Person in Pink who gives the name to Miss Gertrude Jennings' clever comedy which has been revived at the Adelphi

At a Beauty Factory for the Hair

The preliminary canter

Getting dried up

And there you are!

Ruling the waves

PROGRESS!

THE sketches show a little of the inconvenience the Parisienne is prepared to suffer in order that she may appear more beautiful than Nature apparently intended. This is an age of progress, and just as the modern motor-lorry is an advance on the old carrier's cart, so do the weird mechanical devices of the up-to-date coiffeur score over the very elementary, if homely, curl-papers of a bygone day

SKETCHES BY ROSE LE QUESNE

A temporarily extinguished coiffure getting the permanent "water wave"

"Le petit hôtel de campagne"

The Sin of Savour

By "RENÉ." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

IF it be the sin to devote the thoughts to the good things of the table at the time when one is not at the table, I have to plead very guilty to write the present reflections. But I provide my excuses from the store of my anticipations, which are at the present the most dominant of my sentiments. I am about to take the great white road that winds about my beloved Normandy, and I know that I shall find, whenever I have the need, a *petit hôtel de campagne* where I shall savour the *vraie cuisine française* of the most supreme excellence.

ONE has never ceased to wonder—one, perhaps, never will cease to wonder—at the permanence of this perfection in a world which does change so quickly and mostly for the bad. They seem to have been there to await the traveller from the days when the first traveller has had cause to search them—or, at the least, when the first traveller who has had the impulse to write has appreciated the value of his information—and they await him to-day with just the similar welcome, the welcome which does matter the most, the welcome of the choicest dishes, exquisitely prepared.

THEY stand as a permanent reproach to the *restaurants de luxe* of Paris, of which there is not much to be said that is good. You enter one of these *restaurants de luxe*, ask for one of the less common *plats* which is cited upon the *menu*, and, after to await about half an hour, you are disappointed with the result, which appears to betray the lack of pride in the craft of the kitchen. And with the presentation of the *addition* does come the real irritation, in the distance between the value and the charge. But when you descend at one of the hostels of the *chef-lieu*, which has the far less reason to anticipate any other clients than the clerk of the magistrate, the secretary of the mayor, and the collector of the taxes, there is the service in half of the time and the mark of the personal pride in the preparation of every one of the *mets* which has been produced at your hurried command.

THE *maître d'hôtel* of the *restaurant de luxe* does seek to give you the impression that he has conferred upon you the high honour if he does serve a *plat* which is not in the daily demand, but at the *petit hôtel de campagne* one has the satisfaction to savour the most famous of dishes as part of the *ordinaire* of the *petits fonctionnaires de province*. No pomp and panoply about the presentation of the *pâté de canard*, the *soles au vin blanc* or the *écrevisses*. They are served with just the simplicity of a *bifteck* and, by the usual clients, are eaten with the frugality, not with the *gourmandise* of the *restaurants de luxe* of Paris.

FOR us, who have descended from the trusty old snorter, at the first extreme of hunger, is permitted the more lustful air, the sin to savour twice of the *choses délicates de bouche* of the *région*. The availability is too much to resist when the capacity has been provided by the long journey *au grand air*. The desires and the means of satisfaction are complementary and beyond refusal.

I WOULD not like it to be thought that I strive to give the impression that it is but in Normandy that one shall meet with the perfections that have been pictured. Though Normandy has my personal favours the whole of France is dotted alike with the inns of country towns that may be counted on to provide the best food in the world, much more succulent than in any of the great capitals,

"Gives you the impression that he has conferred a great honour"

within the few minutes after that you have appeared from space, unannounced but not unwelcome. Perigord, Provence, Bretagne or Bourgogne are just as wondrously equipped—even better in the eyes of those with whom they are the favourites—than stolid old Normandy with her inns of William the Conqueror.

HERE the trout, there the truffle, elsewhere the *poularde* or the *primeurs*, one can be assured that the improvised repast will be, ninety-nine times out of the hundred, the most admirable sample of the *bien-manger*. Do not forget, when you have had the good fortune to experience this joyous feast *arrosé de bière, de cidre ou de vin*, to compliment the *bonhomme*—more frequently it shall be the *bonne femme*—on the *cuisine soignée*. That is a seed which is never sown in vain. It shall flower for you in all profusion whenever again you pass thereby, and also for every traveller who shall follow.

BUT do not ask me for any names. One dare not take the risk to begin the list. It should be so long. Also that should be as invidious as inexhaustible. Wander about the wayside corners, and you shall have the greater delight in to discover the unknown treasures for yourself.

BEFORE to go, one must devote the moment to warn those of you who shall have the intention to come to Paris that you have the right to expect the prices of the restaurants to be affixed at the outside, so that you shall know the standard of the *maison*, which is of the most importance in Paris. The restaurants are of the most deceptive, for some of the most excellent, the most luxurious and the most expensive, have the peculiar fancy to appear as dingy and as uninviting as possible from the outside.

"The pâté de canard"

". . . the expectation to demand the extravagance"

THERE are the hundreds of instances in which the English tourists, who have thought to have discovered what has promised to be a cheap restaurant, have only realised when they have been shocked by the *addition* that they have erred into one or other of the most famous establishments of the world. Where they have thought to have a bill of fifteen francs *par tête*, they have been desolated by one of a hundred and fifty a head. Some of those, with the dingy exterior, like Voicin and Laperouse, have the value for the high charges, but there should never be the mistake to imagine that because a place has the look of shabbiness at the outside it will have the appropriate prices at the inside.

IF at all possible, examine the list before to enter. You have the legal right, because it has been commanded by the authorities that this shall be affixed at the exterior. Recently the regulation has been disobeyed and there is the justification for the plaints on the matter. Always there are the unscrupulous in any of the *métiers* who are eager to profit from the unfamiliarity of the visitor, a tendency which the sager element knows to be harmful to the real interests of the majority.

ONE has noticed this particularly with the taxicab chauffeurs, who have suddenly acquired the manner to be aggressively discontented with the perfectly fair tip. They have "tasted blood" from the tourists who have been too lavish and now have the expectation to demand the extravagance. The such impulses should be kept in the restraint by the travellers in the interests of others. RENÉ

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

SUMMER SHOWERS

London Under the R

BETWEEN

Those of us who have been clamouring for a Brighter London would surely have felt keenly satisfied with the scene so faithfully reproduced by ou artist. Between the acts, on one of those baking hot evenings during the recent heat wave, the group of theatres in Shaftesbury Avenue emptie

le of the Heat Wave

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

HE ACTS

he occupants of stalls and boxes on to the pavement. Lightly clad in evening dress, they promenaded in a fashion very foreign to the usually drab-ooking thoroughfare, proving that however hard we may try to make outdoor London gay, it is always the climate which has the casting vote.

BY HIGGINS

"AN APPLE A DAY"

No amount of apples will keep *some* doctors away

NIGHT LIGHTS

No. V.—RECTOR'S

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT. Illustrated by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

THIS is the place you drift on to automatically when everything else is closed and your dancing fever is at its height, and the delirium of the night has taken a firm hold of you.

Rector's takes no interest in life whatever before 11 p.m. It stirs in its sleep about then, and at midnight it is up and dressed and ready for what the night may bring it. Only at 4 a.m. and often later (or should one say earlier ?) does it retire again into its own oblivion—until the next midnight.

When the non-dancing Londoner, a slightly disapproving person, can't sleep because of his conscience, and strolls about the flat munching a biscuit at, say, 2 a.m., he can suddenly realise, if he cares to, that at that very moment in the bowels of the earth, far below the street level of the Tottenham Court Road, there is restless life, colour, movement, laughter, and music, all being churned up in the big Rector's bowl, with a jazz ladle, beneath splashing beams of limelight, futuristic lanterns, and spinning electric fans.

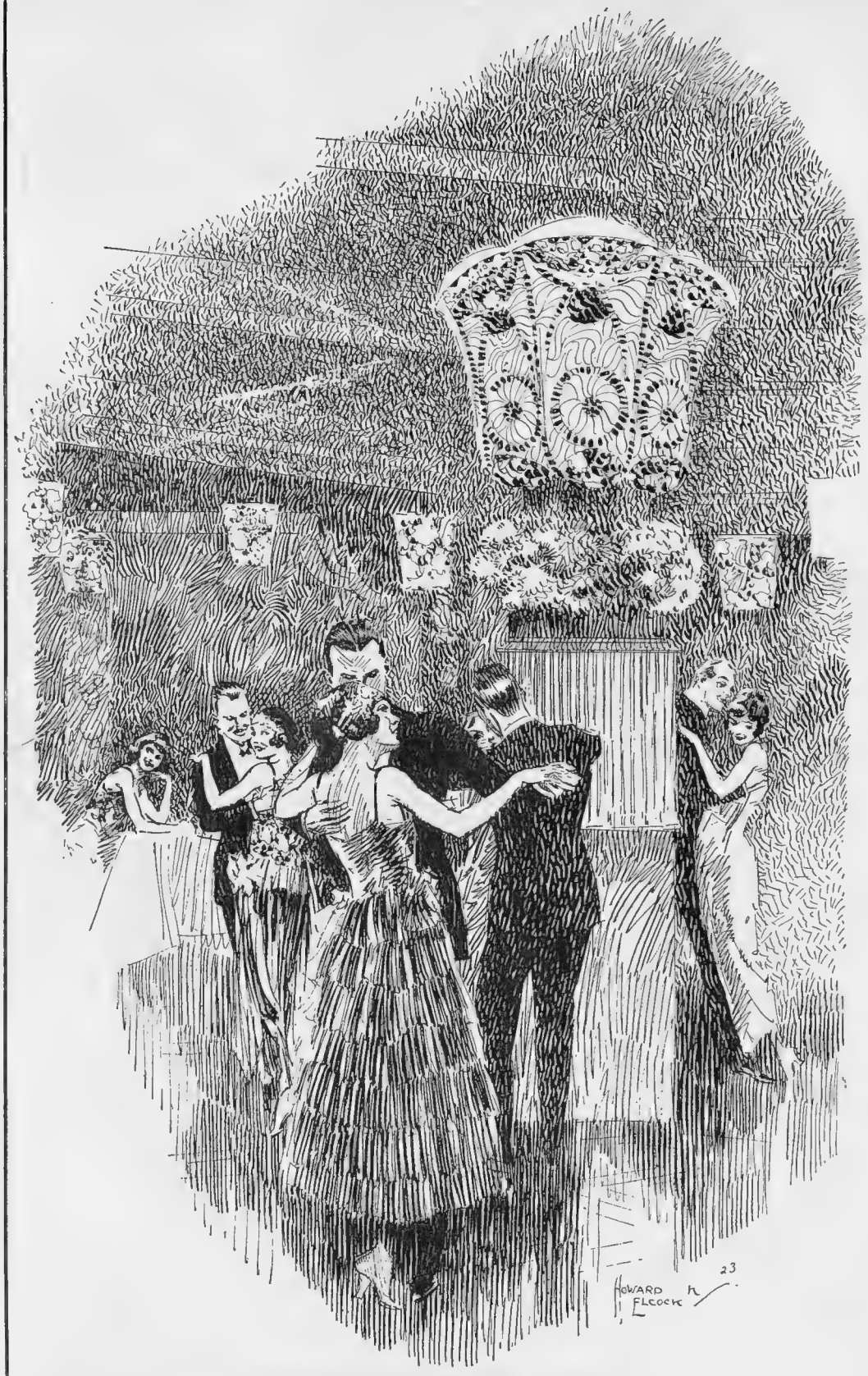
At Rector's, although it is an unseemly hour of night, you have no desire for bed. It never occurs to you. You were never more awake in your life. You may have been here at 2.30 a.m. yesterday morning (you would not be the only one), but you have forgotten all about that—now. A spasm of fatigue may twitch your body, if you are no longer in the twenties, but even so the two bands, one at each end of the room, dispel any such stupidity with mocking strings.

But let us go back to the beginning of things. The whole night represents the Beginning and the End of Things. From the moment when you pass the scrutiny of the burly commissionaires at the door, sign your name as a member, and descend the scarlet carpet of the stairs that go down, down—to what ? It is the *facilis descensus Averni* in very truth, because you had sworn a fearful oath in the bathroom that morning that you would have no more of these infernal late nights : you would cut them all out : it can't be done. And here you are again strolling down those terribly inviting stairs, with the shimmering glass wall at the bottom and the kaleidoscopic movement behind, and the pulse and throb of the place diffusing itself deliciously all over your body, the feet in your dress shoes positively tingling to dance ; and Belli, the tempter, smilingly awaiting you at the bottom.

Something serious ought to be done to Belli, the restaurant manager, by those of us who try hard, without avail, to keep away from Rector's. He is always so deuced glad to see one. He has always got " a very special table " for you, towards the anchorage of which he pilots you with friendly, outstretched arms. That table, don't you know, at which you get the pleasant breeze from the fan : the sofa seat in the corner whence the Dress Parade can be so comfortably viewed, and from which you refuse to be uprooted until the bitter end, except to dance, and dance, and dance again. You are his personal and particular *protégé*, you and a hundred others, hence his popularity : for we are a vain people, we night birds.

London has been left, somewhere up

"In the Rector's cauldron"



"Restless life, colour, movement, laughter and music . . ."

above; you have been transplanted, flicked away, to Paris, to *Le Periquet*, it is very like it here, to Budapest, Vienna, anywhere on the Continent. This is certainly not staid London. Old-rose, electric-blue and dove-grey are the predominant colours, with three great wads of light revolving on the tops of glass pillars. This you notice if you are analytical and go there with a man. If you take the Lady of the Moment you notice nothing except that you are being gradually melted in the Rector's cauldron, you and she—a lovely death. The whole place is a mass of multi-coloured detail, like all French places are: that is why you feel the mental intoxication of Paris creeping over you very early in the proceedings; which is as it should be.

Belli arrives again, just after she has said softly, "How well you dance." It is the hour of supper. She can have anything the place has to offer, naturally. For your part you are going to have what they call here an "Honest to God Club Sandwich." Nothing would induce you to miss it. It arrives between layers of crisp toast, and three years are chipped off the block of your restless life as you behold it. Presently, as the ice rattles in the pail to the welcome withdrawal, you finger the stem of the glass thoughtfully and thank Providence you are not as other men are, nor even as that Jones who climbed ponderously to bed a couple of hours ago, mouthing platitudes. The Joneses of this world miss a lot that might be taken with both hands.

A rather sedate atmosphere broods over the place until about 1.30. The dancers of London are *chez eux*, and it is a serious business, you understand. But when they begin to play seductive waltzes, and the blaze of lights are lowered and the coloured limes thrown on to the gliding dancers, then the worldly wise, the connoisseurs of dance clubs, are really content.

And the Dress Parade, the *chef d'œuvre* of the show. This is the last word in grace and the effect of colour blending. Beams of oyster-grey and lilac light are thrown upon women as they stroll rhythmically about the floor in time to the music. The mere male wonders, with a sharp intake of breath, what is the cost of these clothes they are showing. Wonders if there are any women anywhere who can move with more grace, look more lovely under the lights, than these.

Except one, of course, the one on the pale lemon sofa close beside him, in the plain black dress, with the laughing eyes and the little scarlet heels to her shoes.

Except one, naturally.

But every man at Rector's thinks thus.

Or he should.

Far-flung "Links" of Empire

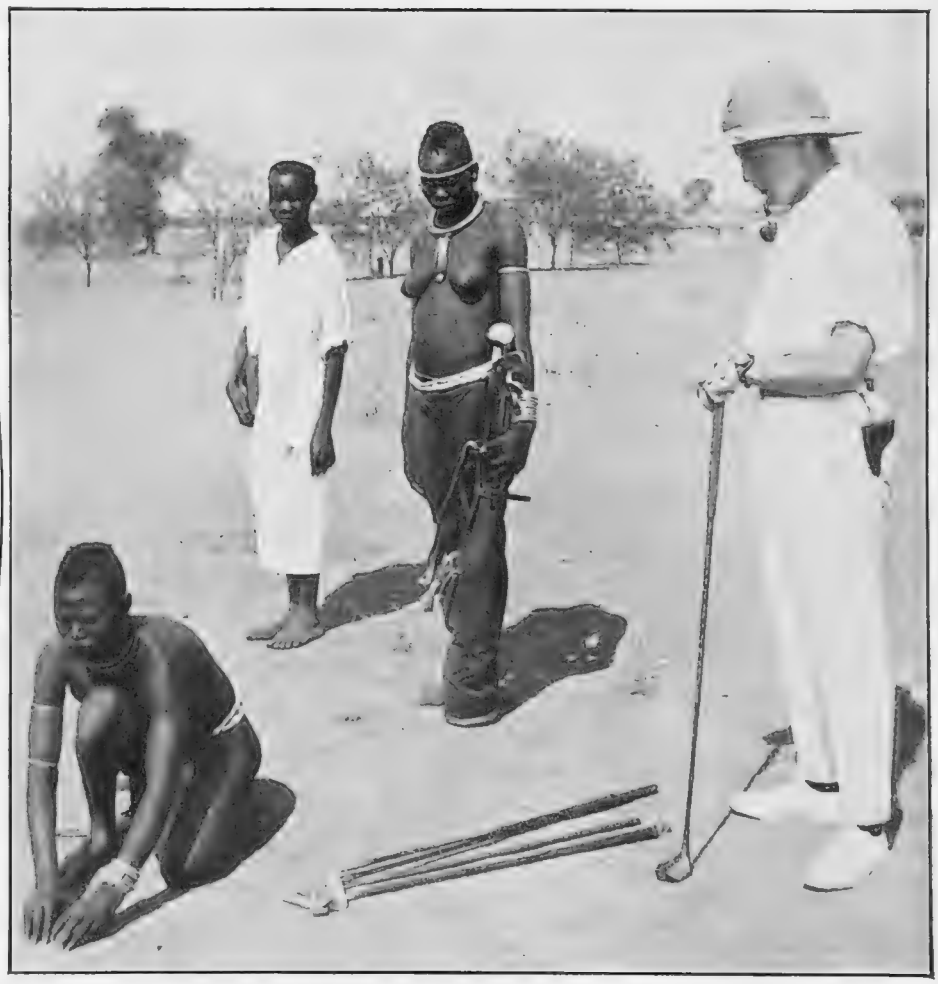
ON THE MONGALLA GOLF LINKS, SOUTH OF KHARTOUM

The assertive bottle in the foreground is not so black as it is painted. All it contains is water for moistening the sand in the tee-box

Photographs

ON THE KHARTOUM GOLF COURSE

Where the water hazard is unknown, and the "green" a mere figure of speech



R. Whitbread

GIRL CADDIES (IN NATIVE DRESS) ON THE MONGALLA LINKS

These Golf Links were made during a dry season by British Officers and officials stationed there some years ago

SEND FOR DR. O'GRADY

AT THE CRITERION

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

□

Produced on July 4, 1923

"GEORGE BIRMINGHAM" speaks, of course, with authority concerning the Irish people, whether of high or low degree, and though we may protest that the pictures he paints for us are hardly complimentary, we may not presume to doubt that they are true to life. For myself, I sit at the feet of Gamaliel in these matters, as my personal experience of Ireland is limited to a day spent in Dublin, where the good people I met struck me as being light of head rather than bad at heart. Apart from Sir Charles Hawtrey's bustling performance as Dr. O'Grady, the honours of the acting are clearly with Mr. Arthur Sinclair and Miss Maire O'Neill, as the Mr. and Mrs. Kerrigan of the play.

THE plot that holds the three acts together is a very slight one, so that here and there you can almost see the thread fraying under the strain. Sybil Mainwaring (Miss Margaret Bannerman), the niece of Lady Rathconnel (Miss Helen Ferrers), has steeped herself in Irish folklore, both ancient and modern, and has come to the conclusion that Ireland really is a distressful country groaning under the heel of the tyrant Sassenach. She therefore proposes to go and live among the people, so that she may be able to look at life from their point of view. Dr. O'Grady, being consulted on the matter, agrees with Sybil enthusiastically, though he clearly does so with his tongue in his cheek. The parish doctor probably knows the people better than does the parish priest, and Dr. O'Grady is certainly sufficiently well informed to be able to ensure that Sybil shall suffer no harm from the proposed escapade. He stipulates privately that she shall have a bed sent from her aunt's castle, and that from the same exalted source well-cooked meals shall be taken to her at regular intervals. It does not, however, take Sybil long to discover the amiable fraud that has been practised upon her, and the play ends with the usual romance and a prospect of happiness ever after.

LORD RATHCONNELL (HOLMAN CLARK) AS HE MUST HAVE APPEARED TO KERRIGAN (ARTHUR SINCLAIR)

BUT the sheer delight of the piece is Mr. Kerrigan. We gather that though he has a wife and six children he does no work, and is an earnest devotee of what the academic American rather bluntly calls "Booze." When Dr. O'Grady comes to Kerrigan's cottage to ask him to receive Miss Sybil as one of the family, Kerrigan first of all cautiously inquires whether the decision of a young lady to abandon

Society for the slums is due to light-headedness or—drink. When the question of terms comes to be mentioned he raises the weekly fee proposed, by an adroit mixture of pleading and sharp practice, from ten shillings to twenty-five; and he will only accept these terms on condition that Mrs. Kerrigan shall be told nothing about the money lest she should want to spend most of the good stuff on shoes for the children, or some other such foolishness. When the question arises as to which room is to be assigned to the distinguished visitor, Kerrigan explains that there is only one available room, and that is at present being occupied by a sick calf, which he is tending with all a father's care. And though it may sound a little

unreasonable to ask the lady to share the room thus already occupied, Kerrigan regrets that he can see no other way of accommodating her.

By means of mingled threats and promises Dr. O'Grady succeeds in getting the calf out of the guest chamber, and arranges to have the room thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. Even then, I take it, most people would have been in no hurry to pass the night in the place. A further inducement to Kerrigan is the promise of a bed from the castle, with its accompanying linen, which Mrs. Kerrigan, as a competent housewife, may well forget to return in due course. Then Sybil arrives, and at once proceeds to lay the cold, clammy hand of hygienic reform on the family. She washes the grubby children, in spite of their screams for mercy, and in spite, too, of Mrs. Kerrigan's protest that being quite unused to such a violent experience the poor little dears will be sure to catch cold, and she takes off their frowsy clothes and instructs Mrs. Kerrigan to burn the things before they fall to pieces of their own accord. Mr. Kerrigan, who is, above all else, an expert in mild chicanery, is at once in his element. He sees in this wanton destruction of his property a prospect of securing more than adequate compensation from the castle for the satisfaction of his own bibulous tastes, and you get the idea that if he had his way the clothes would be promptly burnt and the children would have to go about in their nighties till they grew out of them.

KERRIGAN (ARTHUR SINCLAIR) BRINGS HIS TROUBLES TO DR. O'GRADY (CHARLES HAWTREY)

When Sybil discovers how she has been tricked in respect of bed and board, she puts on her hat and walks out, as the novels say, into the night. Her purpose is to reach the railway station and take a train in the direction of London. But there are dangerous bogs to negotiate in the darkness and driving rain; and Kerrigan, therefore, hurries to the castle to report progress—or retrogression, as the case may be. Once in the presence of Lord Rathconnell, however, he is in no hurry to tell his story. His wary eye has caught a vision of a bottle of whisky on the table, and for the moment that alluring object absorbs all his powers of concentration. Being invited to help himself, he does so; and I should say, roughly, he drinks about a pint of the stuff. There was a time when I should have been inclined to frown on such a performance on the stage, but in view of the way in which our elementary liberties are to-day being tinkered with, I laughed joyously at the deplorable excess, and encouraged other people about me to do the same. Kerrigan, it must be admitted, carries his liquor remarkably well, but it clearly has a harmful effect on his memory. His story of the way in which Miss Sybil found out that she had been deceived, with the lurid language he puts into her mouth in consequence, is quite a masterpiece of humour which gains in force by Mr. Arthur Sinclair's quiet, matter-of-fact way of telling it.

MARGARET BANNERMAN AS SYBIL

As Mrs. Kerrigan, Miss Maire O'Neill is delightful throughout, with her plaintively humorous protests at the inconvenience to which she is being put by the young lady's visit. Once, left to her mending by the fireside, she breaks out into a little song of love and that sort of thing, which is an exceptionally dainty interlude.

It seems a pity to have compelled so able an actress to waste her talent on the very thin humour about the sick calf at the finish, though her obstinate grief gives Mr. Kerrigan another opportunity to show a different facet of his versatile character. As his wife sobs and sobs, and will not speak, in the presence of Lord and Lady Rathconnell, Kerrigan, who flatters himself that he knows his manners in the company of people of quality, begs to be allowed to give the tearful woman a taste of the stick he has in his hand; and he is a little surprised when he receives absolutely no encouragement to proceed with so obvious a remedy for the trouble.

MAIRE O'NEILL AS MRS KERRIGAN

ARTHUR SINCLAIR AS KERRIGAN

Kerrigan succeeds almost to the last in keeping from his wife the knowledge of the full amount of the promised remuneration, but when she finally wrenches the truth from him, she deplores the fact that she did not get the tip in time to be able to lie more picturesquely to their distinguished visitor. Miss Margaret Bannerman, as Sybil, has little more to do than to look pretty, and as to this, as is well known, she brings very high qualifications. The chief interest of the play, however, lies in the amusing unscrupulousness of the Kerrigans, and the bright dialogue which is characteristic of all "George Birmingham's" work.

JINGLE

DOINGS AFLOAT AND ASHORE

Photograph ON THE CASTLE STEPS *[Central News*

Admiral Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt (in the right foreground) opening the fête in aid of the Scottish Children's League of Pity at Dundas Castle. The group includes Lady Stewart-Clark, Lord and Lady Elphinstone, and Sir Thomas and Lady Hutchinson

Photograph *Sport and General*

SOME GOOD HANDS AT DEAL

The guests and some of the stalwart crew of Mrs. E. L. Workman's Bermudian rigged "Nyria" during the Royal Temple Yacht Club Regatta off Deal

Photograph *G. P. U.*

WATCHING THE PICKED ATHLETES FROM FOUR UNIVERSITIES

The Duke of York and Wing-Commander Greig, with Lord Desborough (one of the judges) at Wembley Stadium where Oxford and Cambridge beat Harvard and Yale by one point

Photograph *Topical*

THOSE WHO GO DOWN TO THE SEA—AT DEAUVILLE

Captain Durrant (left), Captain English, Col. Millard, Mrs. Millard, Miss S. Bayford, Miss Taverner and little Master and Miss Millard on board the "Aerolite"

Photographs *Central News and Sport & General*

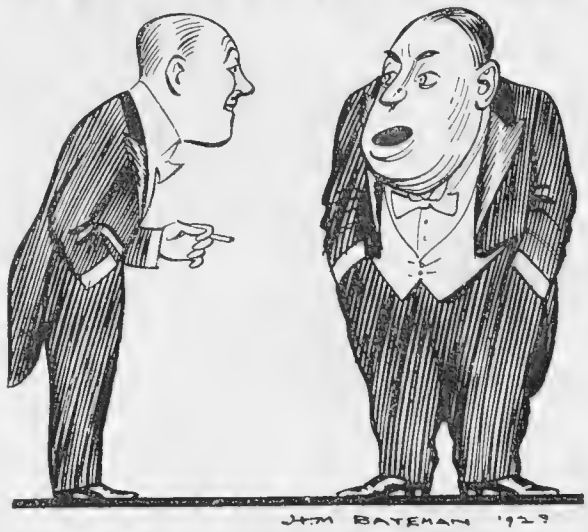
MAKING FOR HOME

The King's cutter "Britannia" ploughing her graceful way "somewhere off the East Coast." During the Royal Harwich Yacht Club week, His Majesty carried off the first prize handicap for yachts over 110 tons, beating "Nyria" by just under seven minutes. (Inset) The King on board with two of the crew

NEW WORDS IN THE LONDON LANGUAGE

A NEW BYSTANDER DICTIONARY

No. V.—"TO OOHOO"



Interpreted by
BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

Illustrated by H. M. BATEMAN

UNDOUBTEDLY a very great number of people lost in the War what vocabulary they had. Men got into the habit of describing every inanimate object as a "gadget," and any event as the "doings." Better educated warriors had a third word, "oojiboo," but I doubt if there is any etymological connection between that and the new verb "to oohoo."

Finding myself among a group of people who frequently use this word, I asked for speculations as to its origin. The most satisfactory claimed that it was derived from the Chinese interjection *ü-hu*, to express pain. Certainly the expression as used to-day is a substitute for a howl of anguish. It is no longer fashionable to complain. There has been a re-action against the post-War dejection and the blue devils of Peace. We are poor and there is no hope, but these are no reasons why we should look gloomy or mooch about in the megrims. All laments, whines, doldrums, and mopes are taboo. The worst one may do is to oohoo.

Watch out for the man with an oohoo face. Don Quixote, the Knight of the Rueful Visage, was not the first nor the last. The world is full of such, and even if he does not weep and whimper he is an offence against the sunlight, if any. Teach him the new code and the new word, and you will be doing a service to humanity. The correct answer to "How's business?" is "Oohoo," and a grin. If the sufferer says he has never known it so rotten, and wonders what we are all coming to, cry "So much the better," and jeer at his suspirations. Make misery unfashionable, and you will go a long way towards destroying it.

The following conversation may be heard practically anywhere where people with a public school and University education foregather:

"Get good grub at the hotel?"

"Gorgeous."

"What sort of crossing did you have?"

"Oohoo."

"Witness: 'Oohoo'" Judge: 'What was that?' Witness: 'Oohoo'"

"Meet any nice girls?"

"Snunkles."

"What sort of weather?"

"Oohoo."

To those of up-to-date education this is sufficient to convey that the holiday-maker was well fed, suffered from seasickness, met charming women, but had bad luck with the weather. Now surely it is better that an unpleasant experience should be conveyed by one word than by several, for there is nothing more distressing for both teller and told than a long story of misfortune. The truth must always be spoken, but the unpleasant truth as briefly as possible.

Very shortly you may hear this sort of dialogue in the Divorce Court. Counsel: "Have you ever been intimate with the co-respondent?"

Witness: "Oohoo."

Judge: "What was that?"

Witness: "Oohoo."

Counsel: "You must say yes or no."

Witness: "Oohoo."

The judge and jury should now know that the respondent acknowledges her guilt, regrets her lapse and wishes to spare them the agony of the story. This will clean up the Divorce Court and baffle the Snoop Press.

Many a critic will be glad of the word. No need to worry now about what sort of reply to make when asked "What do you think of the Academy this year?" After the first performance of a new comedy the dramatic critic may telephone to his office the one word "Oohoo," and the world will know all. Above all, think of the relief of the dentist. When he asks "Am I hurting you?" no bad language will follow, merely a mellifluous interjection.

Be careful how you pronounce the word. It does not rhyme with zoo, but must be pronounced musically, very much as a pigeon coos. Recall the second note of the cuckoo's call, and then you'll get it. Oohoo!

NEXT WEEK:
"TO SNUNKLE"

Will the Tied Turn ?

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

JOHN B. GULLIVER'S TRAVAILS

Youth v. Experience—The Navy at Play

MOVING INTO ACTION

The Cadets team going out to field against Vice-Admiral Hickley's eleven, whom they easily defeated

DURING the recent visit of the Fleet to Torquay, Vice-Admiral C. S. Hickley raised a cricket team among the senior officers to play the Cadets of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. Despite the good score of 240 by the Admiral's team, the youngsters proved too strong for their seniors, and passed the total without the loss of a wicket. One might safely opine that the "pitch" proved too much for the "tar." Admiral Sir John de Robeck gained chief batting honours for his side, carrying his bat for a sturdy 22

Photographs *Central Press*

BEATEN BUT NOT DISGRACED: THE LOSING TEAM

Vice-Admiral C. S. Hickley's eleven, which lost to the Cadets by ten wickets. Standing (reading from the left): Lt.-Comdr. E. W. Sinclair, Capt. P. L. Noble, Capt. C. M. Forbes, Capt. G. D. Lyon, Surg.-Comdr. A. H. Skey. Seated: Admirals J. S. Luard, Sir John de Robeck, C. S. Hickley (Capt.), A. Hunt, H. D. Watson and W. B. Fisher. Inset: Capt. Marten, the late Captain of the Royal Naval College (centre), watching the play with Mrs. Marten and Comdr. Morris

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Girl of CHATEAU GRIS

By John Eyton

I

It was Hilton, the R.A., who took me to Château Gris—that mediæval rabbit warren of a village, whose red roofs cluster round the Saracen tower which has dominated its blue bay for centuries. We went at my request, since I was naturally anxious to see the setting of the picture which had undoubtedly made Hilton's name for him thirty years ago.

It was a hot day for a stiff climb, and, when we reached the tower, we were glad enough to sit down and eat our sandwiches on a bench in the sunny square, where the only sound was the subdued murmur of children's voices in the school across the way. Below us, the crooked, angular roofs of the village, honeycombed with shadowy alleys, carried the eye kindly to the undisturbed blue of the sea. It was a place to be lazy in, and I was not surprised when, after lunch, Hilton closed his eyes. But I was very much surprised at his reception of my eventual suggestion that we should do what we had come out to do. He behaved curiously, to say the least of it.

"I want you to excuse me, Carr," he said, rather awkwardly, I thought. "You go on. It's the Rue Pie, the second tunnel past the Mairie. You can't miss it. I—I'll wait."

So I lit my pipe and strolled off without him. I left him leaning back with his hands in his pockets and staring moodily at the sky.

II

I had some difficulty in finding the Rue Pie—the entrance was so narrow that I had to creep in sideways—but, having found it, I had no difficulty in spotting the scene of Hilton's famous picture. I turned a corner, and there it was—the uphill cobbled track between the decrepit houses, and that yellow wall lurching out over it at a bewildering angle. There was the lop-sided chimney with its absurd plume of grass; the autumn-tinted tiles flaming against the southern blue; and that intriguing window, out of which the girl had leaned. Standing below, I could well recall the look of her face—so well that I could almost see her, with her lazy, half-closed eyes and her white teeth, munching the orange. Her face, I recollected, had been as brown as the wall itself, but there had been a touch of scarlet—a flower or a gaudy handkerchief—in her hair. The window was empty now—a black patch in the wall—and it seemed to leer at me. Then I noticed that in the wall of the house opposite there was another window, so placed that the two seemed to be observing each other. A wicked, squinting, little window, that second one, with a grating of iron bars.

It was a stuffy, eerie, fly-ridden alley, and I did not stay there long. I merely satisfied myself that it was indeed the setting of a brilliant picture, and returned to the bench in front of the *estaminet*, where I found Hilton sitting exactly as I had left him.

"Well?" he said, yawning, "you found it?"

"Yes. Very interesting," I replied, sitting down beside him, "I quite see the fascination—though you must have been a bold man to sit down and paint it. I have a certain experience, and I *think* it is the smelliest street in the South of Europe, though in Genoa——. You must have lost no time over it, at any rate."

Hilton looked reminiscent.

"Yes, there was nothing particularly pleasant about it, except the bit I painted," he said. "And that—well, you saw nobody, I suppose? Street empty, eh?"

He looked at me rather anxiously, I thought. I had suspected all along that there was something queer connected with the street, and possibly with the picture; so I put it to him straight.

"Out with it," I said. "What's the mystery? Why wouldn't you come down? After all, it's the scene of your triumph. Why, I daresay, if everyone had their rights, the owner of that house in the Rue Pie—or his daughter—could claim a reward for making your fortune."

He eyed me doubtfully. Then he seemed to make up his mind.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, slowly. "You're the first. You needn't believe it, but at the same time you needn't be facetious about it. Because I don't mind telling you that it is not one of the things that I can raise a laugh over."

"Right," I said, "I'll behave."

"Well, it's thirty years ago," he began, quietly, in his usual dreaming way, "but I don't suppose that when you turned the corner of the arch and looked up the Rue Pie you saw anything very different from what I did."

"I recognised everything except the girl," I remarked, "and it wasn't at all difficult to imagine her."

He glanced at me then.

"No. Not difficult," he murmured, as if to himself. Then, with a start, he recollected that he was telling me a story. "You saw the wall and the window."

"And the window opposite," I put in, "and if ever there was a sneaking——"

He nodded.

"Yes—a spy's grating. H'm! Well, evidently you saw what I saw and painted. The Rue Pie wouldn't change. Anybody walking up the hill five hundred years ago would have seen precisely what I saw, even to the girl eating an orange. Eh?"

"Very likely," I said. "From the look of her in the picture, as far as I

(All rights strictly reserved)

remember, there was'nt much to place her by. By the way, was it a red flower in her hair or a handkerchief ? "

" A flower," he said, " a red rose. And the face might have belonged to a Phœnician girl, or a Moorish, or a Sicilian. These faces down here have no date."

He was silent a moment. Then he went on steadily :

" Well, that's as it may be. The fact remains that about four o'clock in the afternoon of a day in May, humping my painting gear and perspiring profusely, I staggered into the entrance of the Rue Pie, because it looked cool. I saw my subject at once. There was no one about. The window had no girl in it—then. But I liked the play of sunlight on it, contrasted with the black shadow across the way—you were a bit early for the effect I saw—and I sat down at once and sketched it out. I was pretty busy, as you can imagine, as I had to return to England the next day, and I wanted to get it in before the sun got too low. So I suppose I looked up less and less frequently as my sketch took form. Well, when I'm painting I don't have much idea of time, so I can't tell you how long I took to get a satisfactory picture. I can only say that the sunlight on the wall was deepening into the real evening gold—the hazy, baffling gold—when I looked up for the last time, with my brush between my teeth, and saw that—girl looking at me out of the window. Carr, she had come silently. Not a sound. One minute—an empty window. The next—by magic—that girl. It was uncanny—but then, I was engrossed in my picture, and I don't hear or see things happen under those conditions. So I was not perhaps particularly surprised. But I was tremendously pleased. I wanted to shout. For she *made* that picture, Carr."

" I know," I said. I had never seen Hilton so excited. He could not keep his hands still. He was painting, as it were, all the time—in jerks and dabs.

" I said something, I believe," he continued. " Asked her, for the love of heaven, to stay as she was and keep still. But I never waited for the answer. I had to race the sunlight, and the sunlight was going fast. However—it's a strange thing—she didn't answer. On my word, she didn't answer. She just leaned her arms on the sill, and played with a ripe orange. I can see the flash of her teeth now, and her bright lips, ripe as plums, and the rose in her hair, and the hint of a scarlet shawl, and those dark heavy-lidded eyes that kept evading me. Oh, I painted ! My word, I painted ! And I finished just as the street turned grey. I had won."

He looked at me, and I nodded. Then he went on :

" I suppose I looked round then, just to make sure of my perspective. It was then that I noticed the second window—the window of the house opposite—the window with the grating. It was in deep shadow, that window. One couldn't be quite sure of anything in that shadow—and yet—I had a shock when I saw it."

He leaned right forward and seemed to search my face. The next words were whispered :

" You may believe or not believe, but I'll swear to my dying day that there were eyes behind that grating, eyes piercing the twilight like beast's eyes. No face. Just eyes. And they travelled from me to her, and from her to me. And the place was as still as death."

I didn't know whether I believed him or not. I could not frame my ideas at all, for his voice, and his expression, held me. I had to look up and reassure myself, as it were, that we were sitting in a sunny place with the chatter of school children in our ears. If I had not done that, I should have felt uncomfortable. Hilton was so deadly serious.

" Go on," I said.

" Yes." he said, and he, too, looked up at the vivid sky. " In this atmosphere it seems difficult to believe, for this atmosphere is open and clean, but stand in the Rue Pie at twilight—only don't ask me to join you. I should be afraid. I was afraid then—horribly afraid. And I'll try to tell you how. I felt as if the place had mastered me, robbed me of my personality. I was no longer Hilton, the student painter, with his painting gear scattered round him, and a picture on his knee. I was someone centuries old, acting a little drama centuries old. I was a troubadour, playing at serenade, and she was a prisoner. And the eyes were cruel eyes, because they knew more than I knew or she knew ; because they were intangible and, like eyes behind a mask, had no features to humanise them."

He shivered, I thought. I did, I know.

" I didn't formulate to that extent then," he continued. " I merely felt fear—the unexplained fear that grows out of mystery and the half light. I grabbed at my gear—tumbled it all anyhow into the box. Anything to get away, and hear sound again and see—honestly. For there sat the girl, and she did not speak. And there, opposite, were the eyes—the eyes set in no face. It was like being shut up in a street of horrible waxworks. I left half my things there. I could not stand it. But as I turned to go, I mumbled some word of thanks to the girl for keeping so still. Yes, I thanked her."

" Ah." I said. " Then——? "

" She did not answer. She did not move. But I thought—I think—that the rose which she wore in her hair fell towards my feet. Something red in the grey light—passing through the air—and never, never reaching the ground."

I started.

" Never reaching the ground ? " I echoed, quite bewildered.

" It was a matter of seconds," he said, almost apologetically. " I may have been wrong. But I looked for a rose on the cobblestones, and saw no rose. Perhaps I *am* wrong, for at that moment the drama, whatever it was, seemed to come to a crisis. If I felt afraid before, I felt panic-stricken then. I felt that if I did not dodge quickly something would happen to me from above. I did dodge, and I ran like a rat down the alley. Only at the bottom —where the corner turns to the arch—I stopped and looked back. And then I saw something incredible—yet more positive, more certain, than the very picture I had painted. I saw the girl laughing. I saw a brown arm shoot out of that mean window in the opposite house. I saw something bright—a whirling arc of brightness—pass from window to window. It passed very quickly, for it was thrown. And it shone very bright, for it was steel. And that girl's head flopped foolishly forward on to the window sill, as if she had suddenly fallen asleep where she sat. And there the poor foolish head lolled."

He paused. He was trembling all over.

" Then they—you——" I began, incoherently. He did not hear me.

" The poor head lolled on the sill. But there was not a sound in the Rue Pie. No tinkle. No thud. No cry . . . for a minute, I mean, till I shouted. Or did I scream ? I don't know. People came. They ran out of unsuspected doorways. Even a gendarme came, and heaps of little children from this school. I told them that a knife had been thrown out of a window, that it was murder. They went in a crowd to look, but I stayed behind by the Mairie. I didn't have long to wait. They soon came back."

" And they found——? "

" They found empty windows, Carr—windows that belonged to two houses whose doors had been locked and barred for years, because the owner lived in Paris, and not in the Rue Pie. And there I'm with him. Not for anything—*anything*—would I live in the Rue Pie. It has no sounds—no sounds."

Then he smiled, for at the moment the children came, shouting and singing, out of the school.

J. Eyton

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A FINE QUALITY

Quality can only be maintained by Age. To ensure Age it is necessary to hold large stocks. Messrs. JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., and their subsidiary Companies hold the largest stocks of fine old matured Whiskies. Their Policy is to bond considerably in excess of their yearly requirements. This enables them to guarantee the Age of their Brand, keep up their Fine Quality, and ensure their Great Reputation both at Home and Abroad.

SPORT *of the* WEEK

As Seen by the Camera

ON THE REGENT'S PARK COURTS

The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Guest (left), Sir Neville Pearson, Mrs. Winston Churchill and Capt. the Hon. Lionel Guest, snapped on the public courts at York Gate, Regent's Park, which St. Dunstan's are leasing to the general public. They are proving a real boon in these days of overcrowded clubs and courts

A SANPAN AT SOUTHEND

Mr. Alfred Dunhill's new Chinese junk in the roadstead at Southend. The owner has brought his queer little craft from Hong-Kong, but presumably its arrival just before Cowes week is merely a coincidence. The gay piece of bunting at the mas.-head is the new Chinese national flag

Photographs] BELLES AND BOWS AT FENNER'S [*Topical*

Some of the lady competitors in the National Round at the 76th meeting of the Archers of the United Kingdom, which was held at Cambridge last week. The Grand National Meeting, which annually draws its ardent toxophilites from all parts of the kingdom, started in a heavy shower of rain, but fortunately the weather improved, and, with the entire absence of any wind, some excellent scores were registered. The National Round consists of a shoot of four dozen arrows at 60 yards, and two dozen at 50 yards, so that it is rather improbable that the national prowess in these graceful weapons will be considered as having any bearing on the race for armaments

Photograph] NOBLE TWO HUNDRED! *[W. A. Rouch*

The Veterans, who beat the Juniors by five goals to four in the Century Cup at Hurlingham, the winning goal being scored in a second extra period. Names (left to right): Count Jean de Madre, Lieut.-Col. G. M. Mort, Major-Gen. T. Pitman and Mr. W. Balding. They have seen over two hundred summers between them, while the total age of the vanquished was under a single century

Photograph *Sport and General*

A SEAT IN OLYMPUS

Capt. E. H. Robinson, an ex-R.A.F. Officer and at one time a member of the House of Cassell, being chaired at Bisley as winner of the King's Prize after an exciting tie shoot

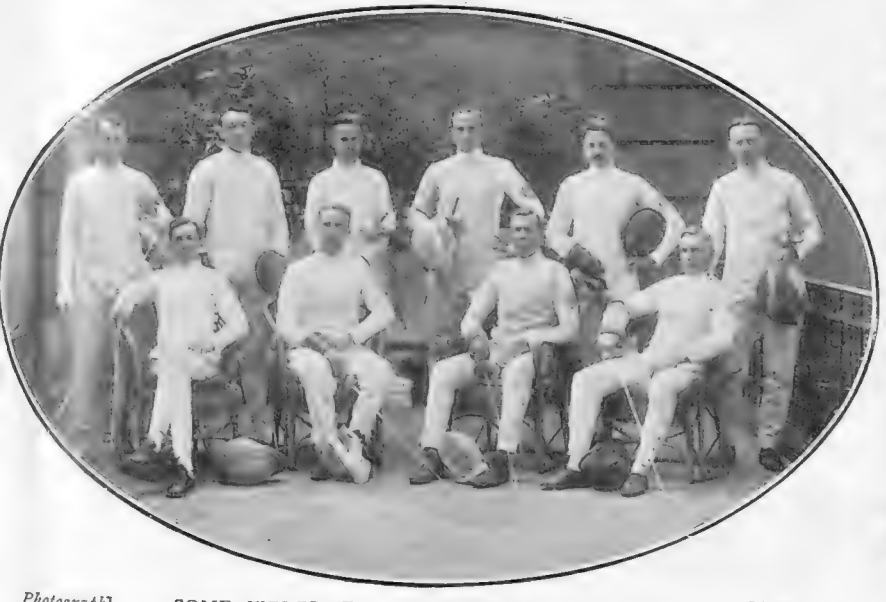
Photograph] THE ENGLISH TEAM *[W. A. Rouch*

Who beat Ireland by seven goals to three in a match for the Patriotic Cup at Hurlingham. Both this team and the representatives of Ireland are possibles for next year's international polo, so that the match had the added interest of being something of a "trial." Our photograph shows: Lieut.-Col. T. P. Melvill (left), Major E. G. Atkinson, Major A. L. Tate and Lord Cholmondeley

Photograph *G. P. U.*

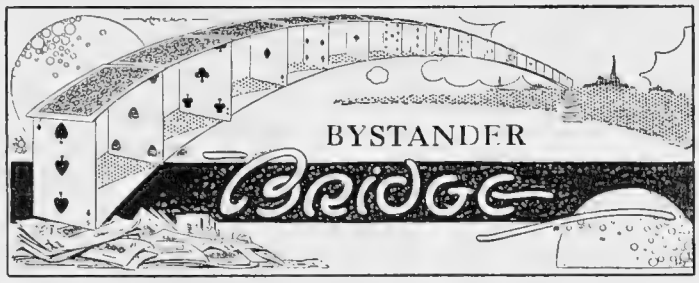
AN ATHLETE PAR EXCELLENCE

H. M. Abrahams being congratulated by the Duke of York at Wembley Stadium after the meeting between representatives of Yale and Harvard and the 'Varsities. Oxford and Cambridge, thanks chiefly to Abraham's three victories, won by six events to five



Photograph] SOME WELCOME VISITORS FROM THE U.S.A. *[Lafayette*

The United States fencing team, which has been trying some friendly conclusions with Great Britain with foil, épée and sabre. Great Britain won on the total matches in these three weapons by 24 to 22. Our photograph shows, standing (left): Major Rayner, Lieut. Calnan, Messrs. Van Buskirk, Russell, McPherson and Diamond. Seated: Mr. Lyon, Mr. Breckinridge, Major Honeycutt (capt.), and Mr. Schoonmaker



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

BRIDGE CRIMINALS

THE Court had been sitting for some time before my arrival, and as I entered the Judge was concluding his "summing up."

"The prisoner," he said, "has been convicted on the most conclusive evidence of having on five occasions taken his partner out of good no-trumpers into bad suit calls and on four occasions from major suits into minor suits, thereby causing grievous monetary loss to them and inciting them to a breach of the peace. I find that he has been warned on previous occasions, but has persisted in his evil ways.

"His defence that he thought he was acting for the best is not borne out by the evidence. His crime is attributable more to selfishness and vanity than to actual malignity or stupidity. The sentence of the Court is that he be fined the sum of £45, to be divided amongst the nine claimants, share and share alike, and that he be debarred from playing Auction Bridge in any club for the period of one calendar month."

. . . . . .

The next case was soon over. It was a charge of persistently leading out of the wrong hand. The learned Judge pointed out that under English law no penalty could be imposed, but that if the prisoner were in the United States he would not have escaped so lightly. The charge was dismissed.

. . . . . .

A Bridge Bully who was charged with terrorising his partners and opponents was sentenced to a course of Bridge with a cross-eyed Chinaman.

Then appeared a lovely lady wondrously clad. She smiled at the Judge, who regarded her benevolently.

She was charged with habitually peeping at her opponents' cards.

"You mustn't do it. You really mustn't," said his lordship, wagging a finger at her. "Because you have fine eyes you must not use them for finesse."

When the hilarious laughter that greeted this sally had subsided the Judge dismissed her with a caution, and she left the Court smiling.

. . . . . .

"This, my lord, is a serious case," said the prosecuting counsel. "The prisoner is charged with having made original calls of one Spade on Jack to five, and two Hearts on King, Jack, ten to six, in both cases without any outside support. He is further charged with on three occasions losing a little slam when he declared 'one no trumps,' revoking four times in one evening after being challenged by his partners, and calling out of turn twice when his partners had game hands."

Three previous convictions having been proved against the prisoner, the Judge sentenced him to life-long abstention from Auction Bridge.

. . . . . .

A prisoner who pleaded guilty to "sharp practice" in that he had frequently successfully claimed penalties and honours to which he was not entitled and had also faked his score, gave, as extenuating circumstances, that he had a wife and children and an aged mother to support.

He was let off with a small fine.

. . . . . .

The case of Mr. Duffer was next heard. He was charged with habitual wrong leading and false carding, thereby deceiving his partners. He was further charged with wanton finessing and constantly losing two tricks in every hand he played. He was also charged with over-calling and flag-flying.

The Judge, addressing him in stern tones, said:

"You have been found guilty of several of the worst Bridge Crimes on record. You have no excuse. You are a man of intelligence and education. Your record in other walks of life appears blameless. You are a successful man of business, a Churchwarden and a champion Ping Pong player. Were it not for these facts I should feel it necessary to pass upon you the severest sentence that lies in my power. As it is, the sentence of the Court is that you be expelled from the card-room for the term of five years, and during that whole period compelled to read everything that has been written by Manning Foster, the two sentences to run concurrently."

The prisoner was removed from the Court in a fainting condition.

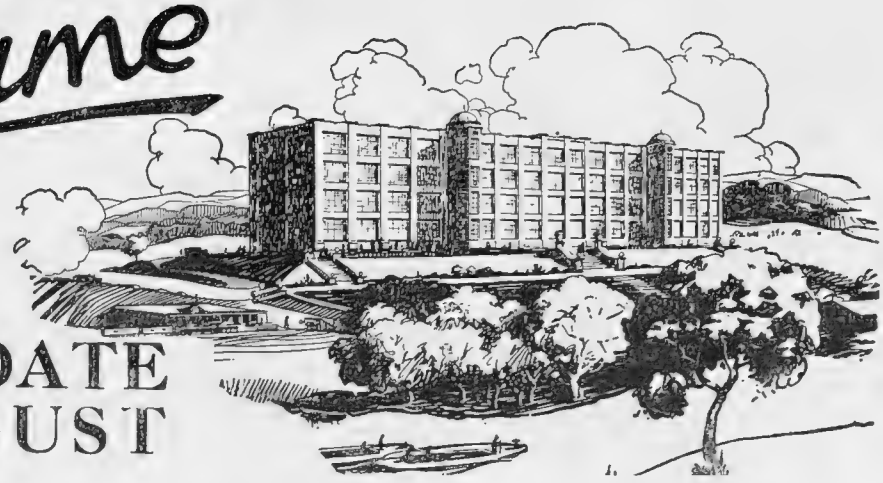
And then I awoke.

A POLAR DISTURBANCE

By Wilson Fenning

Mother (*who has been dozing*): "Good gracious, Reggie! Where's your Pa?"
Reggie: "Out there—look—that loose bit!"

The £500 name



CLOSING DATE 14TH AUGUST

J. S. FRY & SONS, LTD. (BRISTOL & LONDON).

NAME COMPETITION.

After almost 200 years in Bristol FRY'S now find that their well-known business of Cocoa and Chocolate Manufacturers has grown to such dimensions that the old city can no longer accommodate it. A site of nearly 300 acres has, therefore, been bought at Keynsham, five miles from Bristol, to afford scope for the larger developments necessary.

The site, bordered by the River Avon, lies in the green and pleasant county of Somerset, and there is ample room, not only for factories, wharves, and sidings, but also for playing fields, bathing pools and sports grounds.

The erection there of the first of the great factories is nearing completion and now the Company want a NAME for the new site itself. A prize of £500 is offered for a suitable name, which should preferably be brief, easy to pronounce, striking and unique, and which might for example, suggest the ideal surroundings of the new site. There will also be awarded boxes of Chocolates as 1,000 Consolation prizes.

Read the Conditions of Entry and send in suggestions as soon as possible and so as to arrive not later than twelve noon on Tuesday, 14th August, 1923.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

(WHICH MUST BE STRICTLY COMPLIED WITH).

1. The £500 prize will be awarded to the sender of the name deemed most suitable, but Fry's do not bind themselves to use the name for which the prize is awarded. In the event of the most suitable name being sent in by more than one Competitor, the prize will be divided. The winning name will be published in the Press.

2. Competitors may send in as many suggested names as they wish, but each suggested name must be accompanied by the red outside wrapper or wrappers from a packet or packets of Fry's "Belgrave" Chocolate—sold in Neapolitans, Croquettes, Flat Cakes and Bundles—to the value of 6d.; that is, for instance, four 1½d., three 2d., or two 3d. wrappers count for one suggested name, and a 1/- wrapper counts for two, or a 1/3 and 3d. wrapper combined count for three suggested names. In other words, every sixpennyworth of "Belgrave" Chocolate counts for one chance.

3. Each suggested name must be written plainly in capital letters on a separate sheet of paper, with the name and address of the Competitor, together with the name and address of the Retailer (i.e., the person, firm, or company owning the establishment, or employing the person) selling the "Belgrave" Chocolate to such Competitor.

4. All entries will receive strict scrutiny so as to ensure fairness in awarding prizes

5. The decision of the Board of Directors of J. S. Fry & Sons Ltd., certified by the Company's Secretary, as to the prize awards, or as to any other matter relating to this competition, shall be accepted as final and binding by the Competitors, who shall only enter the competition on that footing.

6. All envelopes (properly stamped if sent by post) containing the suggested names must be addressed "J. S. Fry & Sons, Ltd., 6-7, Union Street, Bristol," and be marked "Name," and must arrive at that address not later than twelve noon on 14th August, 1923.

7. Fry's will not be responsible for any suggested name being lost, mislaid, or delayed. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.

8. Letters must not be enclosed with suggested names, and no correspondence will be entered into regarding the prize awards, or this competition, or anything connected therewith.

9. No one in the employment of the Company is eligible for the competition.

NOTE TO THE TRADE.—An award of £50 will be made to the Retailer who sold the "Belgrave" Chocolate to the winner of the £500 prize, and whose name and address are entered on the sheet bearing the winning name (see Condition 3). In the event of two or more Retailers being entitled (see Condition 1), the £50 will be divided.

303

You see them at GOODWOOD

You see them everywhere

but cannot detect them
from the real deep-sea pearl.

Ciro Pearls

are worn by women of taste on all social occasions because they are the only real replicas of the real with the same subtle sheen, elusive lustre and everlasting qualities. Guaranteed for all time, they can never be successfully imitated.

We extend a cordial invitation to everyone to inspect the unique collection of pearls at our Showrooms, or if you cannot visit either of them, ***we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with gold clasp in beautiful case on receipt of One Guinea.*** ***Wear them for a fortnight and compare them with any real pearls. If any difference is noticeable you may return to us and we will refund your money in full.***

¶ Our Booklet No. 7 tells more about Ciro Pearls. Post free on request.

Ciro Pearls Ltd.

178 REGENT STREET, W.1 (Dept. 7)
48, OLD BOND STREET, W.1.
44, CHEAPSIDE, CITY, E.C.2.

¶ It is impossible to buy Ciro Pearls elsewhere.

Look To-morrow

Note the glistening teeth you see

Wherever you look you can see, if you will, the evidence of a new dental era.

Millions of people all the world over are brushing teeth in a new way. For leading dentists of some fifty nations are advising this new method.

Combat the film

Dingy teeth have been traced to film.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays there. Food stains, etc., discolour it. Then, unless removed, it forms cloudy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth—the acid may cause decay.

Became alarming

The situation became alarming. Tooth troubles constantly increased until very few escaped. Beautiful teeth were seen less often than now.

So dental science began a search for effective film combatants. Two were found. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods efficient. Then dentists everywhere began to advise them. A new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern requirements. Those two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent. And wherever careful people live it is being used to-day.

Fights acids, too

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Those are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Pepsodent, with every use multiplies their power.

Pepsodent REGD. TRADE MARK

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Sold in two sizes—2/- & 1/3.

Easy to prove

Pepsodent quickly proves itself. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

If you watch the results for a single week, you will want them always. Cut out the coupon now.

1061
10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
(Dept. 153) 42, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E 1.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to —

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Give full address. Write plainly. Only one tube to a family. B. 1/8/23

THE DOG DAYS

BREEDING, WORKING, FEEDING AND SHOWING

By "THE KENNELMAN." *Heading by NICOLSON*

To-day (August 1) ushers in the Dog Days, folk say. Well, some 120 separate Dog Shows have been fixed for this month, half a dozen of them for to-day, and double that number for next week's Bank Holiday, including Cambridge, Dublin, and Liverpool. Sheep-dog Trials begin this month, too, notably in Scotland. The English National Sheep-dog Trials are due on the last day of the month at Lord Lonsdale's noble place, Lowther.

I have yet to hear of the theatrical or music-hall performer, or other public entertainer, who could rival a first-class Sheep-dog in the absorbing, varied, breathless interest of his performance. And, by the way, once you have seen the amazing performances of the elect among Sheep-dogs in the Trials, where they are in their own element carrying out their own natural life work, I would lay a good shade of odds you become a keen abolitionist, in the matter of stage performances and training for Dogs and other animals.

Come to that, I'll warrant the same sort of thought must have crossed a good many minds at the recent Peterborough Hound Show. For, be it admitted by me as an even keener lover of certain other Hounds, your best types of English Fox-hounds do represent about as perfect an example of sound and consistent Dog-breeding as the world can show. Bred to attain a given specific objective, by Jorrocks! they achieve it with an adequacy which absolutely *satisfies*.

Talking of breed, I find there's real alarm among some keen Spaniel fanciers — more than's called for, I fancy—regarding the threatened vogue of the Pocket, or Bantam size Cocker. My own small experience in the matter is this: You can breed very small Cockers who will be as good gun-dogs in every respect as the biggest. But I admit that if fashion and fancy and extremism are given their unfettered way, I should quite expect to see before long some serious damage inflicted on this very attractive working Breed. (The same applies to pretty nearly every other working Breed). The whole thing hinges on this: Can you keep clean, sane sporting ideals steadily before the fanciers who develop the Bantam size? If so, there's no danger. If not, perhaps the wisest plan would be to agitate for quite separate and distinct classification, with genuine working tests, and permit no competition between the workers and the—er—should we say, ornaments, or pets—what you will. Assuredly Britain's prestige as the cradle and home of the finest sporting Dogs in the world is worth safe-guarding; but that need not prejudice us against any of the fascinating tribe of Dogs bred to be pals.

Dear Correspondents (especially ladies—Heaven bless you!) it is probably correct (never having reared 'em I can't swear to it) that the young of the human family, while very young and ineligible for the Bar, either legal or lounge, thrive best on an exclusively milky dietary. I don't dispute it for a moment, albeit I can imagine a convivially-minded infant welcoming a hint of rum in it, of a cold and frosty morning. But do let me, once and for all, beg of you to accept the assurance of one who really does know this much, that milky slops *cannot*, and never will, form an adequate dietary for weaner pups; no, not even when straight from the nest, and not even though they strike you as the littlest and daintiest things that ever happened. Their charm and delicacy don't make 'em the less carnivorous, believe me. Observe closely the policy and action of their own mothers, in whom Nature has implanted knowledge of their real needs; and you find *they* will provide some flesh food for their offspring, from out their own ration, *long before weaning time*. First give scraped raw lean, then minced raw lean with broth-soaked meal and biscuit, or, better, broth-soaked Saval, for example; something to bite, too, remember, as well as lap. No weaner can be too young to profit by this, or young enough to be confined to milky slops, which, as a whole diet, make chiefly for distension, rickets, worms, and, in effect, starvation.

Two Spaniels went a-bathing, and one got caught, entangled, in real danger of drowning. Did the other stay futilely barking or looking on? No; he *reasoned* it out. Then he bolted to fetch human aid. This he summoned by squatting before a perfect stranger, howling, urgently barking, appealing by every means he knew. Having the good fortune to strike a human of some intelligence, the Spaniel was able to give his message, and in due course to lead the gentleman in question all the way to where his chum was struggling for life. The struggler was extricated, not a minute too soon, and that evening both Spaniels were restored to their own home. Fact; not anecdote.

BEAUTY, GINGER MICK, AND FRISKY

Three splendid Irish Red Setters, bred in Australia, who have each won championship cups for their proud owner, Miss M. T. Martino, of Toorak Gardens, Adelaide, South Australia. And they are every bit as successful with the guns as on the show-bench—bless their warm Irish hearts!

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

A Great Sprinter

I AM glad to see that everything I wrote about Crowdennis in these pages last week was borne out by his performance in the Molyneux Cup at Liverpool. It would be delightful to see a race between him and Sicyon at even weights over five or six furlongs. Mr. Solly Joel's horse put up some magnificent performances at the recent July meetings, and was at once hailed as the best sprinter in training. Possibly that description of him is correct, but I will not for a moment entertain the suggestion that he could give 10 lb to Crowdennis over the five furlong course at Liverpool. It so happened that his ability to accomplish this task was not put to the test. We did not see Sicyon at Aintree, where Crowdennis was backed down to a very short price in a smart field, and carried his substantial burden to victory. I am wondering whether the same stable will fulfil my prediction by carrying off the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood this week!

Goodwood

GRANTED favourable weather, we seem to be in for some agreeable sport at the Sussex meeting. From the social point of view the success of the gathering is assured by reason of the presence of the King and Queen as the guests of the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood House. The meeting is regarded as putting the finishing touch on the London season. Everybody meets here for the last time before going on holiday. During the next few weeks the social crowd will be distributed among the moors of Yorkshire and Scotland, or will be bent upon other pleasures. Racing will be going on just the same, but we shall not see the real re-gathering of the clans again until Doncaster and its St. Leger. Admittedly, the programme at Goodwood is a trifle weak in places. Some people grumble about the large number of selling races which are run during the week, but it often happens that these modest little events provide more excitement and better mediums for speculations than the more valuable weight-for-age races, which usually whittle down to fields of very few runners.

Mumtaz

IN all probability we shall have another glimpse of Mumtaz Mahal during the week. She is engaged in the Molecomb Stakes on Friday, but I am afraid that her super-brilliance will frighten away most of the opposition. The majority of trainers are rightly averse to running their two-year-olds against such a phenomenal creature as the Aga Khan's grey filly. It can hardly do the youngsters much good in their after-careers to be beaten "out of sight" by this extraordinary specimen of her breed. Her recent display at Sandown Park left her reputation very much as it was before. She carried off the valuable prize just as easily as her jockey allowed her to do, and if she had been fully extended the margin in her favour would doubtless have been as wide as it was at Ascot.

The Plate—

ON Wednesday we have one of the oldest established races of the meeting, the Goodwood Plate. Its distance is two miles and three furlongs, so you see that it affords an exceptional test of stamina. A chance of success here is enjoyed by Lord Derby, who can choose between Silurian, Ceinturon, and Stanislaus. The selected from this stable may prove the winner, but I shall venture to select the lightly-weighted **Cottage.** The Singleton Handicap on the same afternoon may be won by His Majesty's colt **Joss House,** and in his absence I would choose COMPILER. The Drayton Handicap on Thursday may be won by **Mouse-Trap.**

—And the Cup

THE big race on this day will be the Goodwood Cup, for which the Ascot hero, Happy Man, is entered. He is called upon to give away a good deal of weight, and I question his ability to concede 7 lbs. to Triumph. However, the latter was cut about at Sandown Park, so perhaps it will be safest to depend on **Bucks Hussar.** I understand that **Diophon** is a certain runner for the Levant Stakes, and I look for his success. In the Gordon Stakes **Bold and Bad** may show us that his amazingly feeble effort at Sandown Park did not represent anything like his true form.

"MUMTY" By "THE TOUT"

The flying Tetrarch filly, Mumtaz Mahal, and some of the contributors to her recent successes

"O Mistress mine where
are you roaming
O stay & hear your
true love's coming
That can sing both
high & low."

Series of Old English Songs
No. 1.

The
"THREE CASTLES"
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

W. D. & H. O. WILLS
BRISTOL & LONDON

TRADE MARK

The Cigarette with the Pedigree

T.C.78 A

This Advertisement is issued by the Imperial Tobacco Company (Of Great Britain & Ireland), Limited for the United Kingdom of Great Britain & Ireland and by the British-American Tobacco Company, Limited for export.

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

THOSE delightful articles by Mrs. M. Vince which recently appeared in THE BYSTANDER have now been elaborated into a book, *Decoration and Care of the Home* (Collins: 6*s.* net). Mrs. Vince is not only an expert house-decorator herself; she has also a gift for gracious writing. Here in these chapters is the soundest advice, and the ground that is covered is really rather amazing. It is good, too, to find Mrs. Vince courageously attacking all those modern absurdities which have turned jolly houses into either museums or nightmares. "A room," she says somewhere, "is not made beautiful simply by having in it a collection of beautiful things." That, perhaps, is the keynote. In these days of small houses and flats, space is the most difficult problem of all: Mrs. Vince, however, follows Einstein, and shows that in the matter of dimensions relativity is of importance. And it is not, as she shows, necessary to spend hundreds of pounds on decoration if you decide on a rational scheme, or to part with a fortune to keep your house clean and in repair if you really do know what you want. Here the writer plays most admirable guide: she is neither narrow-minded nor unduly didactic; in her hands you are safe.

❋

JUST at this time the question of reunion between the Churches is interesting many people who have not previously troubled very much about any such question. The Bishop of London's recent utterances about the Pope, the Anglo-Catholic Congress, and the Exchange-of-Pulpits movement may, indeed, be the forerunners of surprising developments. For which reason I would commend to your notice a little book by Mr. Aylmer Hunter—*England's Reawakening* (Skeffington: 2*s.* 6*d.* net)—which puts the case for Anglo-Catholicism in a remarkably clear and concise way. At first sight it might appear that the obstacles against any real reunion are insuperable; reading what Mr. Aylmer Hunter has to say, you begin to see that all is not hopeless. The problem is admittedly one of grave difficulty, but Mr. Hunter, writing as a layman for laymen, seems to have reduced its complexity. The Duke of Argyll, by the way, contributes an interesting preface.

❋

HAD the manuscript of *The Young Visiters* remained modestly in its creator's drawer, the world might have opened its arms to Miss Iris Barry's *Splashing Into Society* (Constable: 4*s.* 6*d.* net). The adventures, however, of Mr. Withersquash and his devoted Selia are too reminiscent of the immortal Salteena and his good lady. On the other hand, Miss Barry's book, unlike its prototype, is faintly satiric. Mr. Salteena was never guilty of falling into verse, but Mr. Withersquash owes most of his social success to a poem, composed after no more than one lesson in the art, which brings him laureate honours. And Selia more than makes up for her comparative insignificance by her prowess at lawn tennis. The great championship match is fought out at Lord's in the presence of Royalty, and when Selia's partner has become bored at having no balls to play, she joins the two other opponents. Yes, there is a measure of good fun and some delightful misspelling in the book, but all the while the shadow of Salteena is brooding near you, and you feel that he, like yourself, knows that something is lacking.

❋

THERE are some pleasant fancies in a little volume of lyrics by a lady who hides her identity under initials. *Poems* (Grant Richards: 3*s.* 6*d.* net), by H. H., shows good and careful work on themes which, if a trifle old-fashioned, may be welcomed to-day when so many poets and poetasters like to wander in such very queer places. H.H.'s muse is gracious and restrained, and her personality peeps modestly but unquestionably forth. Most of her lyrics have already appeared in the *Morning Post* and elsewhere, and that in itself is a certain commendation. Gathered together, they make up a fragrant bouquet.

Your Morning Laugh

HEATH ROBINSON

The world-famous humorous artist,

PRESENTS

"Mr. Spodnoodle"

in the funniest picture feature ever published. Others make you smile; this will make you laugh aloud.

DAILY in

The Daily News

AERTEX

The Original Cellular UNDER WEAR

THE CELLULAR CLOTHING CO. LTD. AERTEX LONDON This Label on all Garments

for men of action

THE active man—filled with the fullness of life and the urge to be up and doing—is impatient of all restraints. Freedom is his cry—the unfettered use of every muscle and faculty his demand of life. Clothes he must wear—for these islands are not situate in the Southern Seas, and moreover something is due to convention, but they must not cramp or constrict him.

AERTEX best serves a man's need for underwear and shirts. For they hang lightly and easily upon him, and, as it were, surround him with a gentle covering of cool, sweet air. The wearing of AERTEX is a perpetual refreshment—aiding the skin and taking no toll in return. Hence its popularity among men whose lives are active.

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Also 2,000 other London and Provincial Agents.

21

Birds About Town

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

AT HENDON

"Crikey, Perce! Fancy not being able to fly without this stuff!"

Femina

NOW THAT AUGUST'S HERE

By "CANDIDA"

EVEN if you are not thinking of it, even if you have made up your mind to try the economy tack for once, and to forego the joys of Deauville and Le Touquet, you'll weaken in your resolutions now that August's here. There's something infinitely holidayish in the very air, or lack of air, of it. London always relapses into a trippery state the moment the Bank Holiday is in sight, and is all breezy Americans and new tweeds in the best parts, and toil-spent, fagged-out cockneys in the others. For weeks and weeks they've been showing the dinkiest of travelling suits and most persuasive of wraps in all the best shops. Where are the days when to cross the Channel one wrapped oneself in the colour of a London fog? because "it did not show the dust." The idea was to be unobtrusive lest one should quarrel with the landscape, or something. It's not done any more now, because not to look prepossessing on every occasion is almost a crime. How to be beautiful, though travelling light, or otherwise, is the sermon that's preached at you from all the best windows in Regent Street and Bond Street. Sermons in tweed, in homespun and blanket cloth, wonderfully soft and fluffy, with pockets in all the usual places and the others, *and* a cut that makes the most of your figure.

THE travelling wrap may be a dream, but everything else in the travelling line is a bit of a nightmare. It is an unholy rush just now, and no matter where you go, it seems as if all the world and his wife and his family were going there, too. In August I'm inclined to agree with Nietsche when he groaned in spirit, and on paper, about the vast, the overwhelming superfluity of souls, or let's say bodies, for it's they that matter when we go travelling. To enjoy the crowds, as some people do, or say they do, you must be a great, an unwearied lover of your kind, or own a very special sense of humour. Then why travel in August? Because it's in the air, because everybody does it, and in default of your own, or someone else's "ancestral" hall to retire to, you go anywhere. You pack up your trunks, shut up the flat, and the porter knows you no more for a month or so.

TO find the "ideal" spot to go to is almost the worst part of the programme. No sooner have you decided on one than all the others lure you as they never did. How enchanting are those far horizons which we see only in dreams, because there's neither the leisure, nor the wherewithal, to see them in fact! How much more beautiful, alas, than the one that actually does meet our restless gaze! Why was it not given to us to be in two places at the same time? If the gods came down from "high Olympus," or wherever it is they come from, or the fairies appeared and offered magic gifts, as they did in the fairy tales, I'd choose neither wisdom nor pomp, neither power nor love, but the ability to be in two places at the same time. And with that to help me along I'd have all the rest in a fortnight.

Photograph *Topical*

A VERY SPECIAL "ENGAGEMENT"

Mr. Derek Oldham and his fiancée, Miss Winnie Melville, the popular actress, who are taking up new "lines" at St. Margaret's this week. Mr. Oldham, who is appearing in "The Merry Widow" at Daly's, played opposite Miss Melville in "Whirled into Happiness," in which they both scored big successes

SOME people, with more means than imagination, solve their difficulties by hovering blindfold over a map, pencil in hand, and, wherever the pencil rests, there they go, Cook and passports permitting. But there are limits to leaving things to blind chance. What's to prevent your pencil from pointing to Mexico, which at this time of the year offers no attractions, or, worse still, to Margate? A little cheating is essential to the success of leaving everything to pencils and things.

THE person whom you go with is quite as important as the place you go to. I have known some charming people who—well, travelling has a way of lifting all the veils. They have too much luggage which they always mislay; they're never ready in time, because they have bad nights, and tell you all about them; when there's a mountain to be climbed they have hearts, or something, and they are always either too hot or too cold. They hate waiting for their meals, and won't eat them when they do come. They're afraid of bulls, even when they turn out to be cows, of burglars, of thunderstorms, of mice, of everything. They forget their umbrellas and their watches occasionally, their bags always. They . . . I've met them—haven't you?—and I can't imagine what they were invented for; not to go travelling, anyway.

A DAINTY LITTLE DANCER

Miss Dorothy Coxon, who is appearing in Mme. Lydia Lopokova's ballet, "The Masquerade," at the Coliseum. Miss Coxon is a member of Monsieur Serge Diaghileff's ballet, which she rejoins in Paris on August 15

MOTOR NOTES

FEEDING THE DEER

A rustic scene in Richmond Park. This charming snapshot was taken by the owner of the little Standard 8-18 h.p. Two-seater Talbot Car

In the Vesey Cup Trial, held recently by the Sutton Coldfields and North Birmingham Automobile Club, thirty-six cars took part, including three 11.9 h.p. Beans. The trial was run over 200 miles of some of the worst hills in North Wales, and the cup was presented to the car which recorded the best fuel consumption. Last year it was won by Mr. Harold Goodwin on a Bean with a petrol consumption of 38.6 miles to the gallon. This year Mr. S. Griffiths, also on a Bean, secured the prize with a petrol consumption of 43 miles to the gallon. Next came Mr. E. K. Gratwick (also on a Bean), with a petrol consumption of 50.7 ton miles per gallon, as against Mr. Griffiths' consumption of 55.7 ton miles per gallon, despite the fact that he covered an additional eight miles through mistaking the route, and for which no allowance was made. The third Bean competitor, Mr. Harold Goodwin, had very hard luck. First away at the start, he was held up near Bewdley by one of the officials of the trial, who wished to obtain certain information regarding the competition. Naturally, being on a petrol-consumption test, Mr. Goodwin stopped the engine, and this was treated as an "engine stop," entailing loss of marks. Besides depriving the Bean car of carrying off the first three places in the competition, this unfortunate incident robbed Mr. Goodwin of first place and the cup, as his petrol consumption per ton mile was less than that of Mr. Griffiths.

* * *

Fuel consumption is getting very small nowadays, so that the carburettor folk are extremely pleased with themselves, and quite rightly so. In the Grand Prix of Italy, in the touring car race, both the winning Isotta Fraschinis were fitted with Zenith carburettors, and their consumption was at the rate of 48.6 miles per gallon with a load of 2½ tons. Yet their average speed was 73½ miles an hour. The Mathis Company are racing in the fuel consumption Grand Prix at Tours and their cars have a new sporting type of 4-cylinder engine, 59 mm. bore and 100 mm. stroke (1,094 c.c.). This small engine is fed by two Solex carburettors in order to feed the cylinders easily, yet at the high speed at which this car will run it can keep within the fuel allowance permitted in this race of one gallon per 47 miles. A friend of mine who has fitted a S.U. carburettor to his 10-15 h.p. Fiat gets 41 miles to the gallon without any trouble or faking and without the car losing its speed or acceleration. Which shows what can be done by the carburettor people when they put their backs into it.

* * *

English visitors to the Monza track near Milan next September will have the pleasure of witnessing the performances of the American-built Miller, similar to those that won the recent Indianapolis

(Continued on page 542)

By Appointment *Since 1848*

"Take a peg of John Begg!"

"Lunch Scores" and so does John Begg.

This matured fine old Scotch Whisky has been supplied to all the Royal Palaces for more than seventy years.

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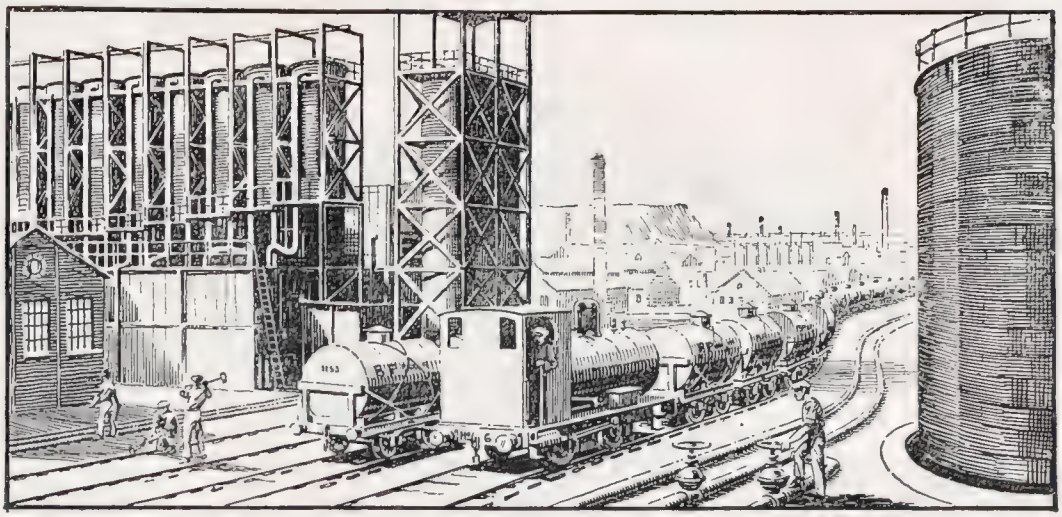

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The sort of motor spirit you want, as you want it, and when you want it, manufactured in Britain in one of the world's newest and best refineries.

That is what the great new enterprise of the Anglo-Persian Oil Co. Ltd., at Llandarcy, Wales, means to the British motorist.

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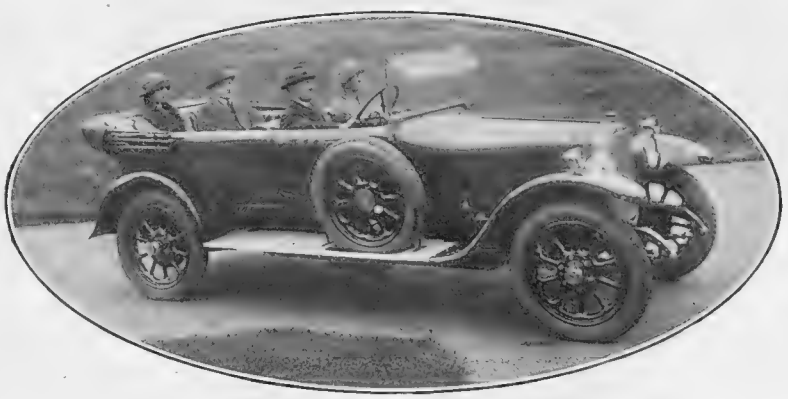
MOTOR NOTES (*concluded*)

500-mile race. Count Zborowski has entered an 8-cylinder Miller, and two other Miller cars will be driven respectively by Jimmy Murphy, winner of the French Grand Prix in 1921, and Señor Martin de Alzaga, an Argentine amateur motorist. It is to be hoped that the S.T.D. combination will run Sunbeam cars in that event, as besides the Italian competitors, both French and German cars are expected to be present, so it only needs the British cars to complete the entries in the European Grand Prix, as it is styled. All of these cars are to be of the two-litre capacity. Though these two-litre cars have already shown that they are as fast as the three-litre ones of last year, owing to their lightness, they require a bit more holding on the road, and so, in the long-distance races, have not altogether beaten the figures of speed of the larger cars. Perhaps now the drivers have discovered this, we shall not see the cubic capacity reduced any further for cars that are expected to do over 100 miles per hour, as the danger zone is getting very near.

* * *

MR. HAMILTON M. HOBSON is the President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders this year, the highest honour the industry can bestow on one of its members. He must be a good fellow to be installed into such a high office with many responsibilities. And H. M. H. is all that, and more. Moreover, as honorary secretary to the Automobile Golfing Society he shines—literally in this weather. In celebration of his presidency of the S.M.M.T. his firm has presented to the A.G.S. a perpetual prize, to be known as the Hobson Trophy, to be competed for annually, medal round under handicap, a replica being presented to the winner by the Society. By kind permission of the Committee of the Neasden Golf Club, the first competition for this trophy will take place on their links to-day (Wednesday, August 1), the first couples teeing off at 10 a.m. As the links are five minutes from the Neasden Metropolitan Railway Station, I expect there will be many there to encourage the competitors. In the afternoon there will be a four-ball foursomes competition for two silver goblets, kindly presented by Mr. Dangerfield, of the *Motor*. Alas! I had hoped to have been there myself, but I write these lines immersed, or perhaps I should say surrounded, by deep salt water. Green and undulating in place of the undulating green.



ON THE MOORS

A 16-40 h.p. Sunbeam Standard Four-seater Touring Car on a Yorkshire run

* * *

SINCE Colonel Wilfred Ashley, in answer to a question in the House by Viscount Curzon, stated that local authorities had no jurisdiction over the erection of petrol pumps or similar installations on lands dedicated to a public highway, I drive about the country expecting to see "incidents" such as "struggle for the pump" and other suitable captions on the posters. So far Folkestone Corporation has taken a firm hand and dismantled kerb pumps belonging to four firms. Not a word seems to have been uttered by anybody at such a proceeding. Yet someone must have had permission to erect them, legally or illegally. Moreover, not a word of protest from the motorists on the road. I wonder whether motorists really do care "tuppence" whether road pumps exist or disappear off the kerb for ever?

OLD HY.

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The 1923 British Built All-Weather Touring Car is the fulfilment of a definite aim, and gives you everything that makes for 100% Efficiency.

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Trial runs arranged to your convenience.

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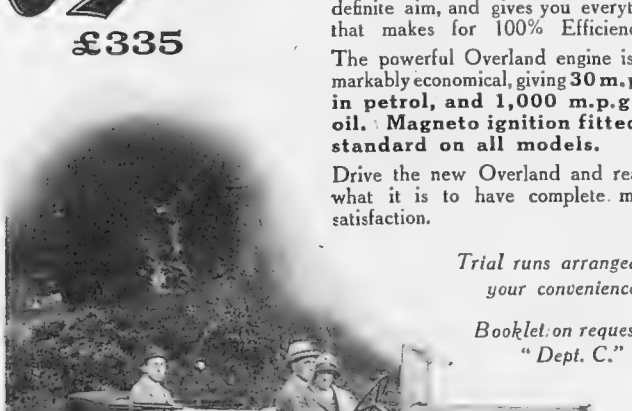

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MACKINLAY'S
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The very first shave with Palmolive Shaving Cream will convince you that we have succeeded in developing a shaving soap better than any you ever used. Better in five important ways:—

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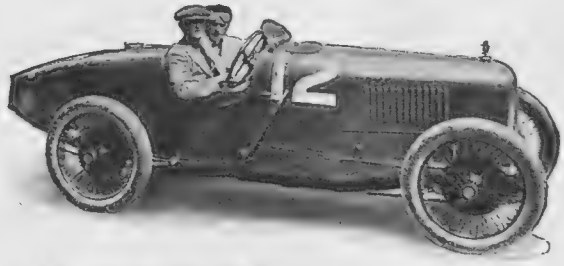

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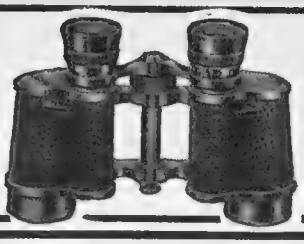

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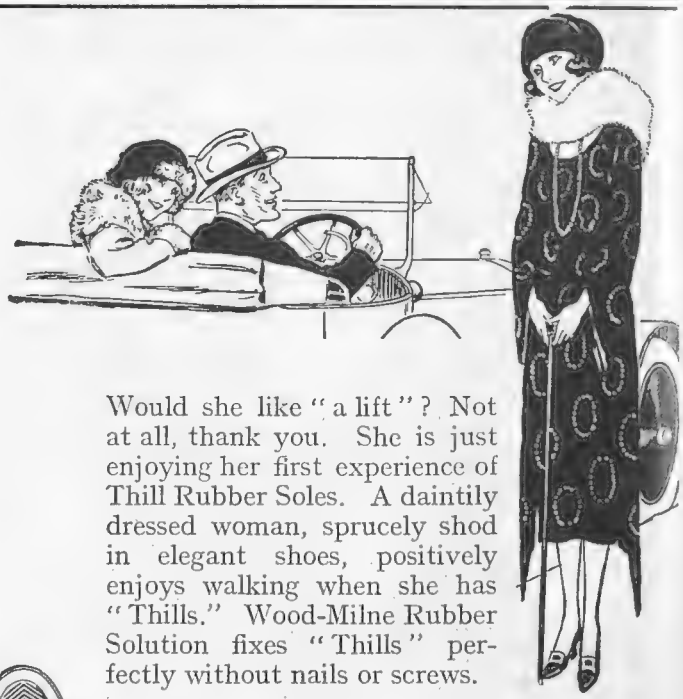

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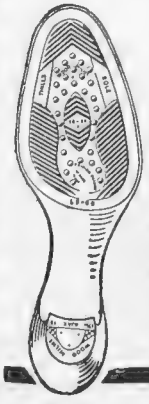

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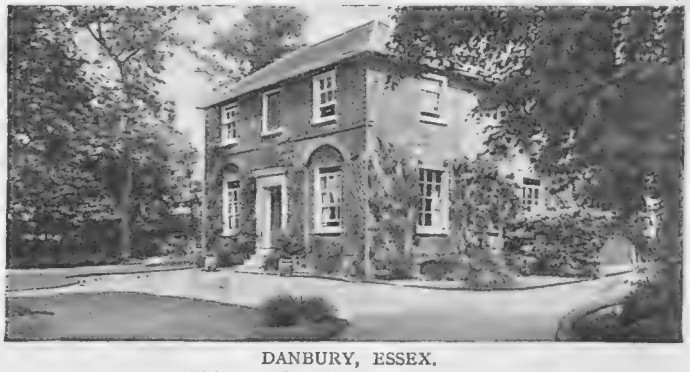

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FURNITURE, EXCEPTIONALLY FINE MODERN, also GENUINE ANTIQUES and WORKS OF ART including draperies, carpets, etc.

The whole of this magnificent collection, removed from the West End to our Depositories, for convenience of sale, CAN BE SEEN DAILY FROM 9 TILL 7, INCLUDING THURS. and SATS. Any item may be purchased separately. Goods not required for immediate delivery can remain stored FREE 12 months. Payment when required. A unique opportunity for private buyers and dealers alike.

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WEEK-END TICKETS issued on Friday, 3rd, and Saturday, 4th August, will be available for return on the following Monday or Tuesday by any train, or on Sunday, August 5th (where the train service permits), by any train after 6.0 a.m. Excursion tickets are available for return by specified trains only, as shown in programmes.

PROGRAMMES AND TICKETS IN ADVANCE may be obtained at **EUSTON** and **ST. PANCRAS STATIONS** respectively, and at the Company's various Town Offices. Tickets in advance, and Programme of Excursions from St. Pancras, may also be obtained at the offices of Thos. Cook & Son. For further information respecting Excursions from St. Pancras apply to Station Superintendent, St. Pancras Station, and from Euston to G. N. Ford, District Superintendent or General Superintendent (Western Division) Euston Station, N.W.1.

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„ 2 12in. x 12in.	600ft.	1in.	4in.	£5 17 4
„ 3 12in. x 16in.	800ft.	1in.	4in.	£6 13 8
„ 4 16in. x 12in.	1200ft	1¼in.	5in.	£7 14 4
„ 5 16in. x 18in.	1600ft	1¼in.	5in.	£9 11 0
„ 6 16in. x 24in.	2200ft	1¼in.	5in.	£11 19 0
„ 7 16in. x 30in.	2400ft	1¼in.	5in.	£14 11 4

GREENHOUSE.	ft. in. x ft. in. x ft. in.	GARAGE	ft. in. x ft. in. x ft. in.
No. 1 Boiler,	11 0 x 11 0 x 8 0	No. 1 Boiler.	22 0 x 20 0 x 10
„ 2 „	11 0 x 16 0 x 8 0	„ 2 „	25 0 x 25 0 x 10
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HAIR TINT, FOR GREY OR FADED HAIR

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Adam Buck (1759-1833), a native of Cork, from whose famous picture the name "Tamborina" was originally adopted, exhibited no less than 171 pictures at the Royal Academy between 1795, when he settled in London, and his death in 1833. He acquired great popularity as a miniaturist and as a painter of portraits in crayon and oils. "Tamborina" was reproduced in aquatint by the engravers Wright and Ziegler in 1799. The original is in the possession of the advertisers.

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In Black, Tan, White, Nigger and Grey.

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LACES

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When your Hair is like Wire

there is only one preparation that will effectually and completely control it—and that is—ANZORA. Being clean, easy to use and delicately perfumed it has become the recognised hair controller for the man who cares.

Anzora Cream for greasy scalps and Anzora Viola for dry scalps, are sold by chemists, hairdressers, stores in 1/6 & 2/6 (double quantity) bottles. Firmly refuse all substitutes.

ANZORA
MASTERS THE HAIR

ANZORA PERFUMERY Co., Ltd., Willesden Lane, London, N.W.6

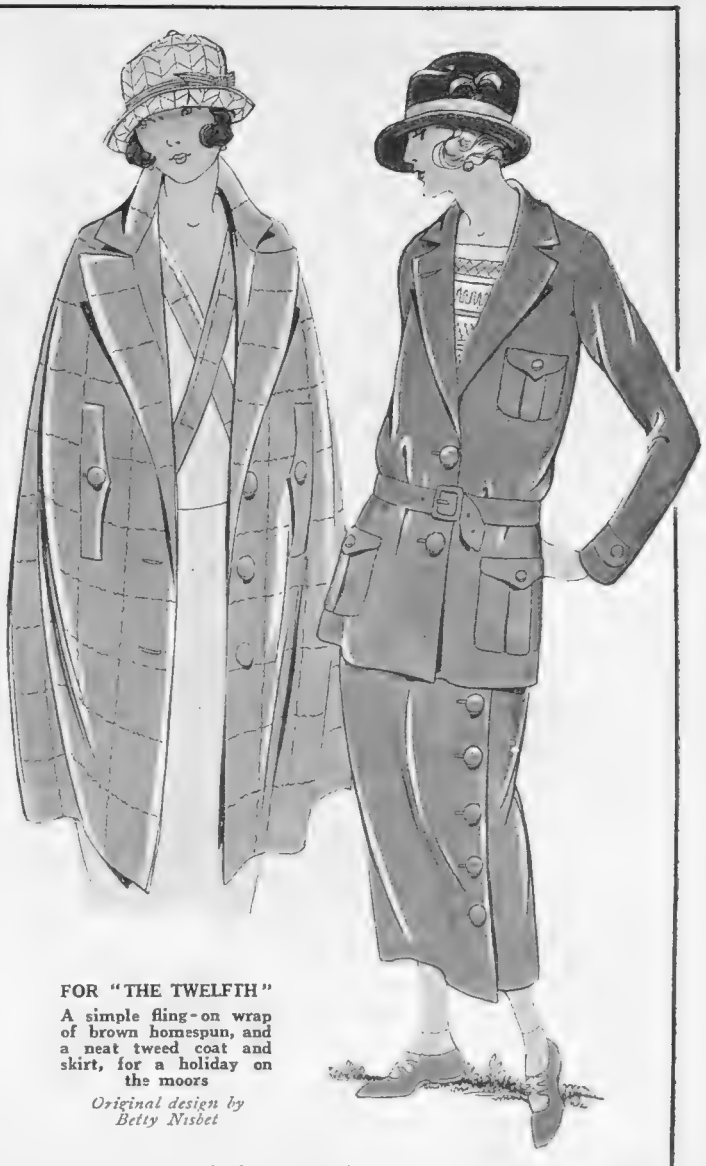
Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

THE world where they amuse themselves goes on unceasingly. Actually for change and variety, ostensibly for rest, a large proportion of the social fraternity are now about to wend their way to English and Continental watering resorts, some accompanied by trunks packed to suffocation with smart clothes, to which those who visit the other side of the channel will perchance add. For many of the leading Paris *ateliers* have depots at most of these places, where they do a large and profitable business, including possibly some left over stock, together with daring advance models that are subtly tried out in such places ere they are accepted or cast aside as useless at the coming autumn displays.

The future of many a new season's vogue is settled at Deauville and Trouville, and it will be intensely interesting to watch the developments, or the reverse, of several projected changes. At the moment, the wildest reports are going about, for no one actually knows what is going to happen, except that waists are higher, and the low hip belt is no more.

The statement that we shall grow skimpier and skimpier is absurd in the face of longer skirts, unless we want to graduate for a sack race. That straight lines will continue to prevail to a great extent is assured, but it will be more in effect than actuality. The feeling for trimming the fronts of skirts and leaving the backs plain and narrow is growing in favour, and I am quite persuaded there is a place for a modified form of bustle. But crinolines may be ruled out; beyond this I am not prepared to hazard anything at the moment.



FOR "THE TWELFTH"

A simple fling-on wrap of brown homespun, and a neat tweed coat and skirt, for a holiday on the moors

Original design by Betty Nisbet

JUST A SUGGESTION

For a simple tea-gown. A few yards of odd material—in this case a delphinium blue and silver brocade—eked out with draperies of chiffon, georgette or lace, gives the charming effect here shown

Original design by Betty Nisbet

Suits and Cloaks for the Moors

THESE are accomplished facts, and so may be written of with assurance, for whatever the weather vagary, there is no gainsaying some of the Scottish conventions. Probably the 12th, that eagerly anticipated opening of the shooting season, will be broiling. Nevertheless, rough frieze and tweed costumes will be donned, with the same brave spirit as muslins were essayed during the chill and wet of the early part of the year.

Some, of course, who are sufficiently affluent make provision for warm weather in light, loosely woven tweeds and covert coatings, which are always of bearable weight among the hills. Others hope for the best, and accept the stouter qualities of tweeds and homespuns, or else fall back upon the obliging knitted suits as an easy compromise, although the latter are not absolutely ideal for heather walking, the prickly little ground growth tending to draw out loops and threads.

Suitable, however, to a light or heavy-weight, finer woven material, is the original design, illustrated, of a shooting-suit, although a certain purplish-brown coarse homespun is visioned as likely to tone in harmoniously with a moorland background. The skirt, a slim wrap-over one, is supplied with buttons and button-holes that may be used at the will and discretion of the wearer.

The coat, simple and straight of cut, is belted and adorned with large expanding pockets that are held in place by buttoned flaps. A charming completing note is also imparted by a silk jumper knitted in Fair Isle colourings and design. A soft stitched hat of the same material is worn with the costume, and low heel suède shoes built on broad, easy lasts.

Then, should cold stormy weather set in, there is a cloak to don, built of brown homespun, checked over with a faint line of purple. This can be worn buttoned up to the throat, and the hands slipped through side slits, or thrown open and slung on by the crossed straps. All the leading sports tailors find the demand growing for these practical fling-on wraps, and are having checked materials specially woven to accompany self shades employed for the suits.

A Simple Classical Tea-gown

THE holidays, and Scotland in particular, invariably bring tea-gowns into prominence. That some at least have had these in mind when buying at the recent sales is a safe surmise, and many an odd length of brocade, satin, or chiffon velvet has been picked up far below its intrinsic value, and now merely awaits a suggestion to be made up. It is really almost incredible how short a piece of stuff is needed for a tea-gown if judiciously eked out by draperies of chiffon, georgette, or lace. Three yards, for example, is all that is required for the model illustrated. It is straight up and down

and slim enough to meet the taste of the most ardent adherents of this vogue.

The colouring is immaterial, but here is a suggestion: delphinium, blue and silver brocade, with novel sleeve draperies of cyclamen-mauve chiffon, the folds clasped in front at the waist by a blue and silver Egyptian *motif*, from which hangs a long blue silk fringe. A gold and white brocade arranged on similar lines, but with the bodice cut off camisole fashion, was accompanied by a long coat of black *mousseline de soie*, bordered deeply at the hem with black fur, a narrow collar of the same pelt finishing the back of the neck and base of the quite long wrinkled sleeves, to which a delightful completing touch was accorded by a girdle of gold *galon* stitched with jet and *diamanté*.

THE SECRET DOOR TO BEAUTY

Three dainty little maids whose tresses have been permanently waved by Marcel's "Sesame" treatment—the magic charm that opens so alluringly the way to beauty

"Sesame" Permanent Waving

WHILE granting bobbed hair all its great advantages, I am no lover of it, unless it is kept curled or waved—and how seldom it is, unless permanently treated! Only the other day I had to hurry off a young friend of mine, who, in an indiscreet moment, had had her hair cut off, angering her entire family thereby, to Marcel's, 353, Oxford Street, and I appear to have saved a very sensitive situation, for she really looks charming now. The process took quite a short time—about half that originally required—and, watching the procedure from start to finish, I saw nothing cumbersome, uncomfortable or harmful being used. There were neither tubes, pliers, nor stretchers or borax, the most careful consideration being given to each group of tresses.

"Sesame" is unquestionably a marked advance in permanent waving and curling, since everything likely to burn or render the hair brittle has been eliminated, while the employment of a certain oil makes it silky and soft. Perhaps the most astounding and convincing thing in connection with the "Sesame" method is that bleached, dyed or white hair can be treated with perfect results. Needless to say, this revolutionising discovery has been fully covered by patents in this country, and more are in course of preparation for others.

Marcel claims that "Sesame" shows a hundred per cent advance of former methods, and that the waves are permanent under all conditions, only the new growth requiring treatment after a period that varies from six to eight months.

Those Foot Troubles

ONE of the most interesting items in connection with footwear of late has been the revival of flat, broad heels, and as the coming season is likely to see the vogue intensified, it is highly important to know where correct fitting shoes may be obtained. For if any shoes require not only to be well-cut, they are those that receive no instep support from a high heel. Not that the latter really does support, but it gives a curve to the foot. Long prior to this departure, however, Messrs. Baber, Ltd., 309, Oxford St., W.1,

(*Continued on page* x)

For Older School Boys and Young Men

OUR young man's tailor shop provides a service specialised to the needs of the young man almost at the end of School life, and to the fresher just commencing his varsity career. Corresponding departments offer shirts and underwear, hats and caps, boots and shoes, and all accessories of dress for this difficult age, in excellent taste and perfect proportion.

For the convenience of those who wish to anticipate next term's requirements immediately the schools come down, principals and heads of departments will not take their vacation at that period; a full staff will be available at all times, or by special appointment.

ROWE of BOND STREET

Wm Rowe & Co Ltd

BOYS & GIRLS TAILORS & COMPLETE SCHOOL OUTFITTERS

105 & 106, New Bond Street, London. W.1.

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There's endurance and resistance to wear built into that sturdy oversize carcass.

There's long mileage, and faithful service in every Fisk Tyre made.

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WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY, LTD.,
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Boxes 1/-.

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SO many admirers of "Red Tape" Whisky are asking why this favourite brand is not procurable at such and such a Club, Restaurant, Hotel, Wine Merchant, Store, etc., that we think it desirable to explain the position openly.

The apparent dearth is due to the public everywhere demanding more "Red Tape" than our extensive (though limited) stocks will run to, although we do everything possible to distribute fairly.

It will help you to appreciate the great difficulty we have in balancing supply with demand when we remind you that "Red Tape" is a genuinely very old whisky, as the label indicates. Fine, very old whiskies, such as those contained in "Red Tape," are exceedingly scarce and very dear, for the reason that they cannot be augmented until the necessary period has elapsed since the release of the distilleries in 1919 from Government Control, for no whisky can be made old or mellow except by keeping it.

In these peculiar circumstances, the only way of increasing supplies of "Red Tape" Whisky would be by reducing its superlative quality, *i.e.*, by employing younger and consequently cheaper and coarser whiskies. But, having once set the quality of "Red Tape" to its well-known high standard, we are determined, in the public interest, to rigidly maintain that standard at all costs, and nothing will induce us to make the slightest sacrifice of quality.

By virtue of its higher quality, as also by reason of its naturally higher cost of production, "Red Tape" Whisky is entitled to the slightly higher price which we are compelled to ask as from to-day, when it will be advanced from 12/6 to 13/- per bottle—an increase so slight as to still retain for "Red Tape" its unchallenged reputation for giving best money's worth in Whisky. In Whisky, as in everything, quality is economical.

Baird Taylor Bros.

13/- per bottle, from 30th July.

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FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

brought out an entirely new method in fitting shoes. The claim is that the essential measurement should be between the two piers of the foot, the ball of the toe and the heel. Anything that happens beyond, in the guise of a sharp or round front, or high or low heel, does not matter in the very least, since by the "heel-to-ball" method the weight of the body is correctly distributed and the intervening arch supported by the instep of the shoes. To demonstrate the soundness of this scientific discovery Baber is pleased to X-Ray any foot, when the owners can see for themselves the free movement obtained for the toes.

A Useful Treatment Chart

It used to be considered merely "an old wives' tale," the wonderful cures that vaseline could effect. Perhaps it was formerly. But this is certainly not the case now that science has taken the homely remedy in hand. For there are simply dozens of vaseline preparations now — vaseline carbolated, borated, capsicum, eucalyptol, camphorated, and so on. Many drugs have been added to the vaseline which, because of its peculiarly characteristic properties, forms a most valuable vehicle. The Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, of Willesden, N.W.10, have issued an interesting booklet, which contains a most useful chart of their various vaseline preparations that have been successful in all manner of ailments. They post this free on receipt of a postcard, and it is well worth getting such a gold-mine of information. Vaseline is, indeed, the proved friend in a hundred troubles of the nursery. I haven't got a nursery myself, but after reading this interesting booklet I feel I must really set about getting one.

A CUP THAT CHEERS

The handsome Wanamaker Challenge Cup, presented by the Hon. Rodman Wanamaker, C.V.O., for individual jumping competition among members of the Metropolitan and Military Mounted Police. The first competition was held last month at the Mounted Police Sports at Imber Court Horse Show. It was made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd.

That Creamy Custard

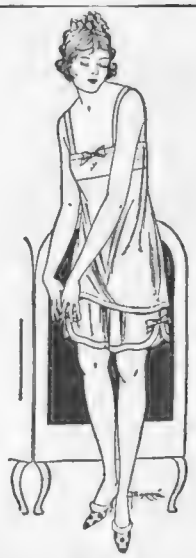
There is a lot of snobbishness in the universe—a truism which I fancy others have discovered before I had the chance of showing my wisdom to a wondering world. But I was reminded of it the other day by—what do you think? Custard Powder! Because, of course, snobbishness exists even more with regard to things than to people. We've all of us heard the remark that goes with the note of withering scorn and the upturned nose—"Oh, I *never* touch custard made from custard powder." It was said one evening after dinner. Needless to say, everyone agreed, *including the hostess*. Only she told me afterwards that the delicious custard we all had so much enjoyed was made from custard powder—Foster Clark's to be correct. And she's my wife, so, of course, she never tells a lie. Never!

A Summer Drink—

In case we ever get another heat wave like the last, here's a drink that is hard to beat for coolness and freshness — iced Apollinaris with a squeeze of lemon-juice. Very simple—but delightful to the palate with its slight flavouring. Try it one day.

—And Another

Or if your taste is for something stronger—only as to flavour, I mean—Eiffel Tower Lemonade is an excellent thirst-quencher. In addition to the original bottle of crystals, which is made into the well-known syrup, the firm has recently introduced a powdered form packed in tins. A teaspoonful in a tumbler of water, *no* sugar, and there you are. If it's closing time, that is!



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In the style illustrated in white, shell-pink, lemon, mauve, sky, and black.

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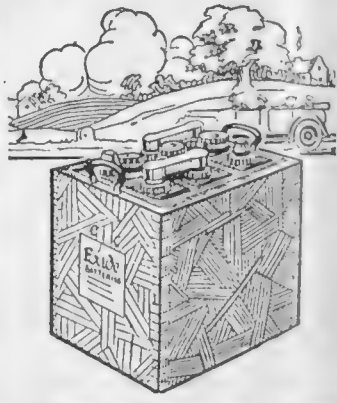

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Royal Blue	*Grass Green*	*Scarlet*	*Daffodil Yellow*
Lilac	*Jade Green*	*Crimson*	*Sunflower Yellow*
Purple	*Bottle Green*	*Rust Red*	*Tangerine*

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

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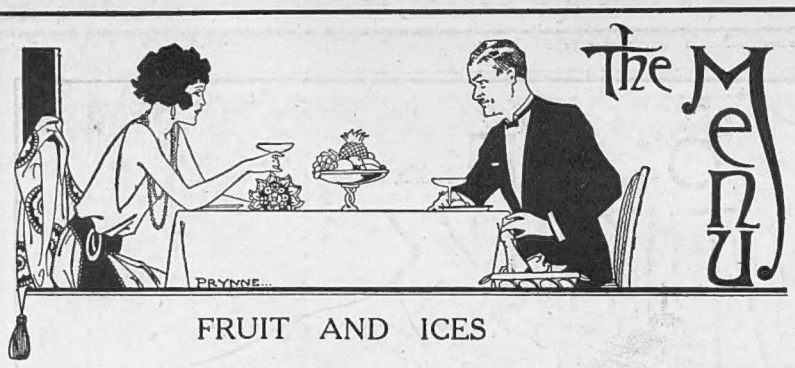

The Menu

FRUIT AND ICES

GRAPE-FRUIT ORANGE CHARLOTTE
GRAPE-FRUIT MOULD
RASPBERRY JUNKET
MELON ICE
AN INEXPENSIVE ICE CREAM
FRUIT SPONGE ICED COFFEE

Grape-Fruit Orange Charlotte

Soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in half a cup of cold water, add half a cupful of boiling water and dissolve thoroughly, add one cup of orange juice and sugar, one tablespoonful of grape-fruit juice, a pinch of salt and the grated rind of one orange. When cool, add two cups of cream and beat lightly altogether. Line a mould with small sponge cakes halved, pour in the mixture, and set on ice till firm.

Grape-Fruit Mould

Put six tablespoonfuls of cornflour into a basin and stir till well blended with six tablespoonfuls of water, stir this into a cup and a half of boiling water, and cook till clear. Meantime, mix a teacupful each of grape-fruit juice and sugar, the grated rind of one orange, and a pinch of salt. Add this to the hot cornflour, let it cook a minute or two, then pour upon the stiff-whipped whites of three eggs, beating well. Turn into a wet mould, put on the ice, and serve with cream.

Raspberry Junket

Pick the stalks from ½ lb. of raspberries or loganberries, wash them well, and add enough sugar to sweeten, then whisk the whites of two eggs until they are a stiff froth, and mix them with the fruit. Make a junket in the ordinary way, and when it has set firmly cover with the raspberry purée.

Melon Ice

One gill of cream, one melon, 4 ozs. of white sugar. Cut off the top of the melon, to make a lid. Scoop out as much melon as the weight of the cream. Put this through a wire sieve. Mix with the sugar, add the whipped cream and mix all thoroughly. Freeze, and replace it in the melon, putting on the lid with a silver skewer through it, so that it is easy to remove. Hand wafer biscuits with the melon ice.

An Inexpensive Ice Cream

Take a quart of new milk, place one and a half pints in a double boiler, and let it heat gradually. With the other half a pint make a good custard, using three eggs, and thicken it with 2 ozs. of cornflour. When the milk approaches boiling point, add the custard, stirring constantly till it thickens. Sweeten and flavour with vanilla essence, and freeze in the usual way.

Fruit Sponge

Pick ½ lb. of red currants and the same of raspberries, and boil them with ½ lb. of sugar until the fruit is reduced to a pulp, then pass through a strainer, dissolve a little gelatine in warm water and mix it with the fruit. Line a mould with sponge cakes, pour the fruit over them and put aside. When cold, turn out on a glass dish and serve with cream or custard.

Iced Coffee

Have a bottle of distilled coffee, and pour one pint and a half of boiling water over it. Let it stand for about ten minutes. Add 6 ozs. of castor sugar, half a pint of cream, and a quarter of a pint of warmed milk; then put it in the ice refrigerator for two hours.

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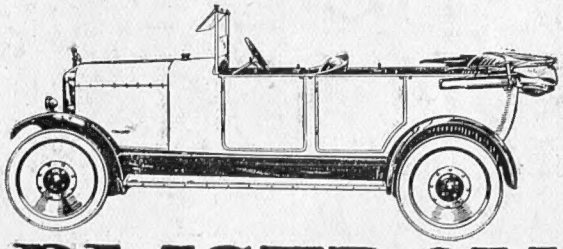

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